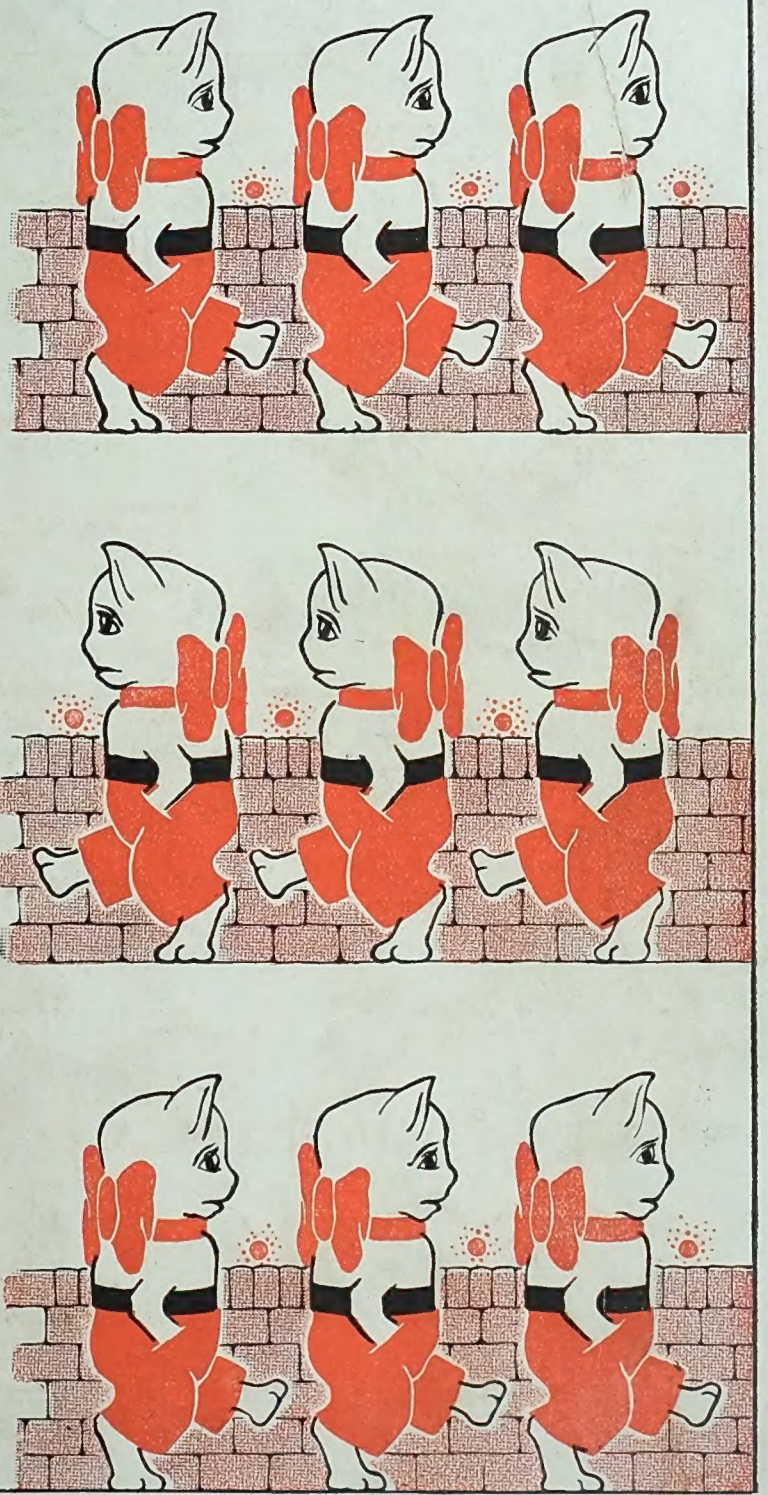
ARMIES THAT DO NOT MEAN TO FIGHT.

(See page 134.)

4D.

THE ROYAL MAG



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No. 14, Vol. III.—December, 1899.

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DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY!

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, TOBACCO.

DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL THE HIGHEST AND BEST IN THIS LIFE.

M. DUMAS AND THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.—'If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he redescends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head, and appeals to satisfactions of a gross nature, but prompt and certain. They will kill him perhaps, but what is it that does not in the long run kill? And since men must move towards death by whatever road they take, why not select the pleasantest; and what matters it whether the end be reached a little sooner or a little later? Who knows even whether the short cut is not after all the best?'

'And such is human life, so gliding on; It glimmers like a meteor and is gone!'

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

EXPERIENCE shows that Porter, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandies are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or old whiskey, largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost through alcoholic drinks, fatty substances, of want of exercise, and places the invalid on the right track to health. If its Great Value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' { Soothing, Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.

You Cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—A gentleman writes: 'I have used Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in headaches and almost every form of disease for nearly twenty-five years. As a rule I found it everything I could wish; its action was always natural, simple, soothing, yet potent when required, without hazardous force, such as brain-tipple, or pick-me-up in any form or condition (always did good, never any harm). Can be used for any length of time without the least danger. 'Yours truly, TRUTH.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best known remedy; it removes fœtid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by NATURAL MEANS, allays NERVOUS EXCITEMENT, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. It should be in every bedroom and traveller's bag (for any emergency). THERE IS NO DOUBT that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a disordered and feverish condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

Caution!—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

NO EGGS
NO RISK!
NO TROUBLE!

Makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomées of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.

Direct from the Potteries.

CHARMING QUEEN WARE WHITE CHINA TEA SERVICE.

8/6 Carefully Packed. Package Free.

This really superior Tea Set is now offered direct to the public by the manufacturers at first cost. It comprises 12 cups and saucers, 12 plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 1 slop bowl, 1 cream jug, in all 40 pieces. Every piece in the service is exquisitely finished and guarantees satisfaction to every customer.

Our **Breakfast Service,** also in **Queen Ware White China,** is exceptional value. It consists of 6 breakfast bowls and saucers, 6 breakfast plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 6 egg cups, 1 slop bowl, 1 sugar bowl, and 1 milk jug, in all 29 *pieces*: for **8/6.** Carefully packed; package free.

Send 8/6 for Sample Service to-day.
100 pieces of the **Queen Ware White China** for a Guinea.
SAMPLE Cup and Saucer post free for 9 stamps.

STEPHEN PEARCE, 18, PAYNTER ST., FENTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

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THE NEW TOILET CREAM.

For improving and beautifying the skin. It completely removes all roughness, redness, chaps, &c., in a single night, and by continuing its use for a short time the complexion will become clear and beautiful.

MALVINE is guaranteed to contain nothing injurious to the most delicate complexion, and is invaluable in the nursery.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Ask your Chemist to get it for you, or may be obtained Post Free from

THE MALVINE COMPANY,
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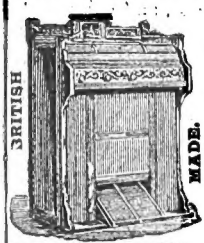
With Keyboard combined.



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Prices, 25/- to £25

Special Discount for Cash to Customers mentioning this magazine. Music from 3d. per tune. Will play every description of music with accuracy and refinement. Gives more pleasure in one week than an ordinary piano or organ would in 12 months.

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CARRIAGE PAID. Best value
FREE TRIAL. now in the
EASY TERMS. market.

Worked by Hand or Motor.

Manufacturers by appointment to T.R.H. Prince and Princess of Wales.

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UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN,

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AUTUMN AND WINTER PATTERNS.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

In Navy Blue, Crimson, White and other Fashionable Colours.

IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS.
Our present Season's Patterns are now ready, and will be found to comprise an excellent assortment of Novelties at Moderate Prices.

MATERIALS FOR CHARITIES.
Special Quotations will be given for Orders for Charitable purposes.

REMNANT BUNDLES.—THE SPECIAL 1899 Bundle at 21s. contains a Full Dress Length, and several Useful Remnants for Children.
THE CHILDREN'S BUNDLE, at 5/-, 7/6, and 10/6, contains White and Coloured Washing Materials.
TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS for Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's wear, are made to special measure from any material contained in our patterns.

Patterns, Price List, and Self-Measurement Forms, Post Free on Application.
Carriage Paid on Orders of 20s. in the British Isles. Special Rates for Export. No Agents. Any Length Sold.
EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., Royal Serge Warehouse, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

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SOLE MAKERS OF

THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

Buy direct at First Cost from the leading firm of London Manufacturers.

10/6 Design No. 145. **Design No. 145. HALF-A-GUINEA.**

Patterns and Sketches Post Free.

Design No. 145 is ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s famous **Reefer Costume.** Thousands of Testimonials speak in the most flattering terms of this Coat and Skirt Costume. The coat is cut in the latest approved style. It has a velvet collar and good fancy buttons. The skirt is full and fashionably made in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth or Specialite Serge. Price **10/6** complete in either Cloth; carriage 6d. extra. All colours. When ordering please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside, size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

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Write for our **New Illustrated Sketch Book** for the **Winter Season,** sent post free.

FREE XMAS GIFT.

Allen Foster & Co. are presenting a **Diamond Brooch** consisting of nine beautifully cut imitation diamonds, surmounted by a heart-shaped moonstone in chaste gilt setting, to every purchaser of their goods mentioning this magazine.

ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s NEW SHOW ROOMS,

47, Golden Lane, London, E.C.,

ARE NOW OPEN. Ladies are requested to call and inspect our Novelties for the Winter Season. Jackets, Capes, Costumes, Furs, Blouses, &c.

When writing please mention the ROYAL MAG.

ALLEN FOSTER & Co.

The London Manufacturers,

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THE "OKTIS" REGD

CORSET SHIELDS DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET.

"PATENT."

FROM YOUR DRAPER or OUTFITTER

Beware of Spurious Imitations.

Southall's Patent Boots

No Laces

No Seams

are making an impression on

The World.

The MEN who are now wearing them are persuaded by their own feet that our Boots yield more comfort than any other makes, and are exactly what they want.

We shall be pleased to send you our Catalogue and self-measurement form. All the advantages of buying direct from the manufacturers, description of our boots, and the prices, are set forth in the Catalogue.

All orders are executed in six days from receipt of instructions.

Sample pair of Southall's Patent Boots, **14/6**; sample pair of Lace Boots, "Thor" brand, **14/6**. Postage **6d.** extra in British Isles; **2/-** Europe; **3/6** Colonies.

For London & District, Catalogue can be obtained and measurements taken at

Branch Office:—35, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Southall & Co.,

Dept. 17. **Kirkstall Road, LEEDS.**

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Should convince you that this Advertisement brings you **FACE TO FACE** with **A VERY REMARKABLE OFFER**;—and mark this, an offer made in genuine good faith to every reader and to **YOU!**

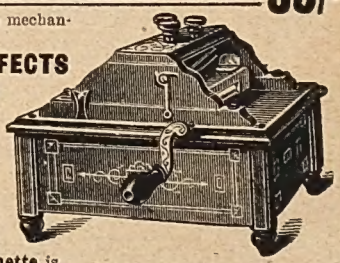
A 4-GUINEA ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE FOR 35/-

WHAT IT . . IS . .

This Marvellous Instrument, owing to its unique mechanism, embodies in a small compass the

PRINCIPLES, POWERS AND EFFECTS

of a **£25 ORGAN!** It contains **28 Full Size American Organ Reeds,** controlled by **3 Stops,** viz., **Vox Humana, Flute, Expression,** and by its novel and ingenious construction is capable of



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Music, because of its **Inspiring** and **Elevating Influence,** is a desirable feature of all "**Home**" life, and for the **Family Circle, Domestic Gatherings, Parties, Entertainments** and other **Social Functions** this **Organette** is

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Hymns, Airs, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Polkas, Accompaniments, &c. **EQUAL,** in all respects, to an **ELABORATE** and **COSTLY ORGAN!**

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A SELECTION OF MUSIC sent FREE to every Customer!!

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In order to bring these marvellous Instruments within reach of all classes, we supply them on easy terms if desired, viz.: **10/-** deposit and **5/-** monthly. Price **40/-**

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SHILLING BOTTLES SKIN LOTION

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

RICH IN FLAVOUR. — APPETISING

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Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

Ask your Grocer for it. Sample 1-lb. *Tins* **1s.**, *sent Post Free.*

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Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

S. PEACH & SONS

NOTTINGHAM LOOM HOSIERY

Factory Prices. Direct from the Looms. Unequalled for value, cut, and finish.

20/- GENT'S OUTFIT PARCEL *CARRIAGE PAID.* **20/-**

LOT 125 contains:—

2 Merino Undervests, very soft texture, good wearing quality, regular price 3/- .. .. ..

A STOCK OF 10,000 PATENT

WADDED QUILTS, TORALIUMS, OR BED COVERS.

AS ILLUSTRATION.

At an Enormous Reduction to Clear Out.

Belmont, Pavilion Parade, Brighton, 4/1/99. — Mrs. FORGE writes: "The three Wadded Quilts Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son sent me are very warm and light. I am very pleased with them. Please distribute 3 more. Cheque enclosed, 10/-"

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3s. 6d.

EACH.

Postage **6d.** *extra.*

Covered with beautiful soft Oriental Sateen Chintz, and on reverse side another beautiful floral design. Size 56 in. by 60 in. These Quilts are offered below anything in the Wholesale Trade, and cause the greatest consternation to the buyer, wondering how they can be produced for the money.

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3 Quilts for **10s.**, or **6** for **19s. 6d.**, or **12** for **38s.**

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All orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post. Cheques and P.O's payable to **F. HODGSON & SON**, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

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Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,

LATE OF OLD STREET LONDON.

F. HODGSON & SON, of LEEDS, have purchased for Cash the whole of the above business, goodwill, and effects from Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Illustrated Sale Catalogue of Brussels, Axminster, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs can be had post free if mentioning ROYAL MAGAZINE, 1/12/99, while writing.

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Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above carpets sent for 1/6 extra, size two yards long and one yard wide. SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or six for 8/-, sterling value.

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The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

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2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

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Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

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HEARTHRUGS 5/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: 'I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 30s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £3 14s. enclosed."

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REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

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4½ ft. by 7 ft., **11/-**	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft., **38/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft., **18-**		11 ft. by 12 ft., **47/-**
7½ ft. by 9 ft., **23/-**		12 ft. by 13½ ft., **59/-**
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Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

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INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

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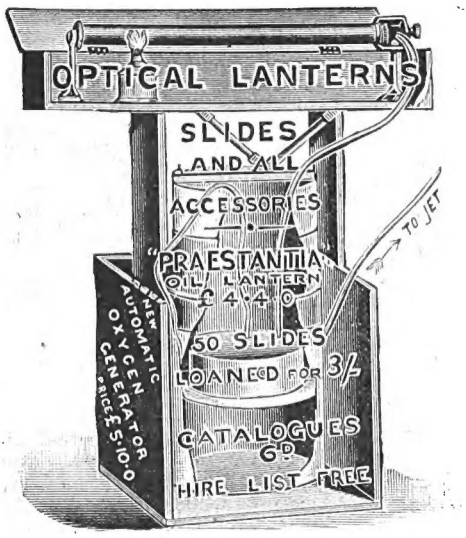
A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.



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THE HEALTHIEST OF ALL PIPES.

THE LOOFAH CARTRIDGE PIPE.

This Cartridge having no direct hole through, absorbs all objectionable matter, and only pure smoke enters the mouth.

12 CARTRIDGES FREE WITH EACH PIPE.

POST FREE 1s.

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Send Postal Orders. Address—

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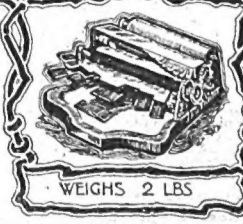

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To the BUSINESS MAN Exactness means Security. The OPERATOR begins to earn Money with it in six weeks!!
The Machine may be seen in operation, and all particulars obtained of

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DON'T HAVE CORNS

BUNIONS, or ENLARGED TOE JOINTS, when a packet of **THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER** will cure you. It is thin as silk and removes the pain at once. Post free, 14 stamps, from the Proprietor. Beware of imitations.

LADIES should take **Dr. Simpson's Arsenical Pearls.** They secure a beautiful clear complexion, free from Blotch, Pimples and Roughness. Post free, 2/9 and 4/6 only, from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.
Ask for Thompson's Pamphlet, **"The Woman Beautiful."**

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Richly Chased Solid Silver Hair Brush. Medium size ... **15/9** Large size ... **21/6** Silver-mounted Comb to match, **7/9**

OETZMANN & CO.,

62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 & 79,

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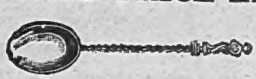

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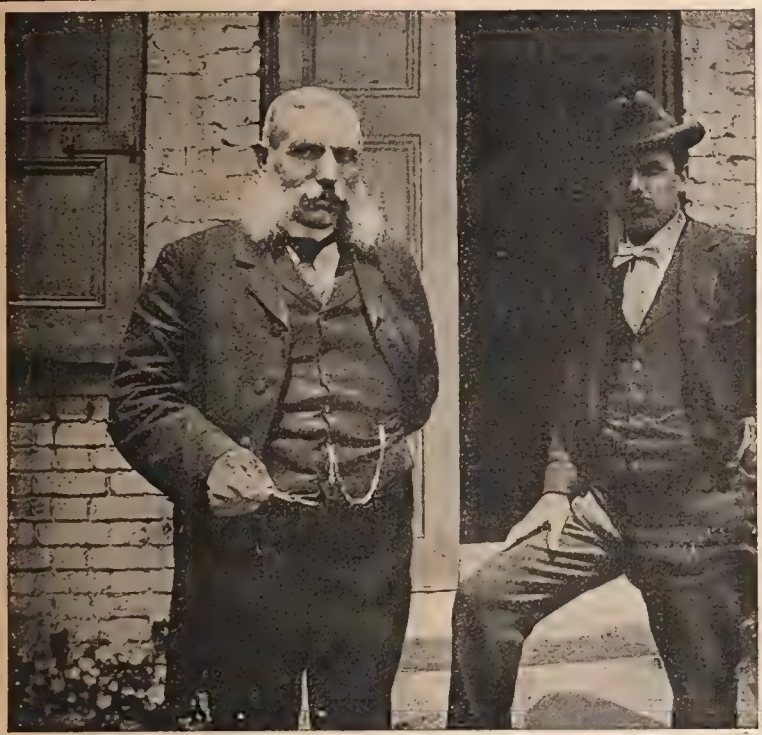

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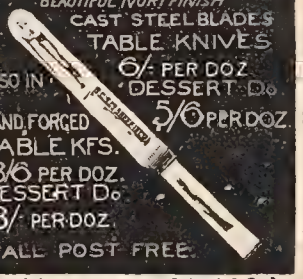

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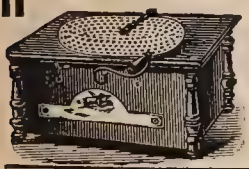

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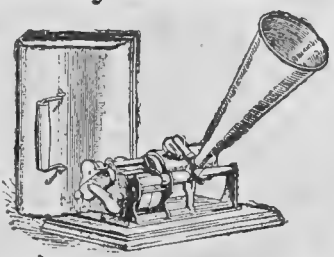

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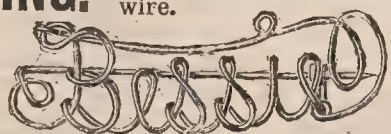

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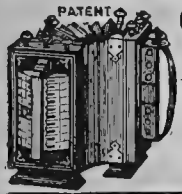

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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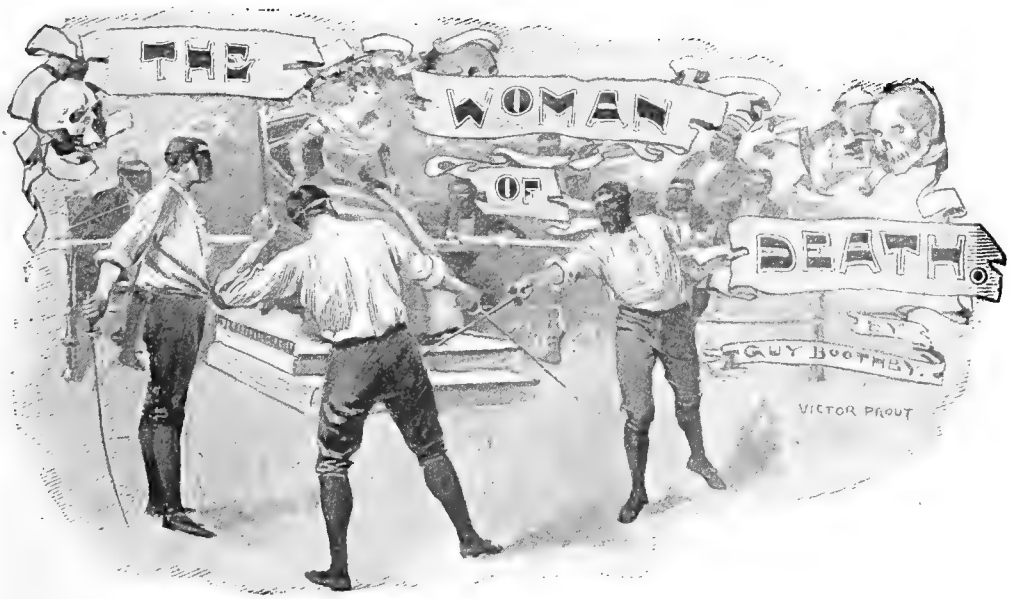

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH, when at the Casino at Monte Carlo, is greatly struck by the face of a strange lady with whom he exchanges a casual remark. Afterwards he is introduced by the Duke de Rheims to Madame d'Espère, a celebrated woman of mysterious antecedents. The same night he dreams that these two women are to influence his future life, the latter for evil and the former for good.

CHAPTER II.

UPWARDS of a fortnight had elapsed since Middlesborough's return to Paris from Monte Carlo. During that time he had occupied himself with what was popularly supposed to be a round of reckless gaiety. If the truth had been known, however, he found it difficult to kill the time. Since he had tired of everything, one enjoyment was much the same as another to him. He knew everyone who was worth knowing, saw everything that was worth seeing, heard everything that was worth hearing, and was at last compelled to confess that he could find no satisfaction in anything. As far as he was concerned it was all Dead Sea Fruit.

Not once, but a hundred times he had thought of the curious interview he had had with Madame d'Espère at Monte Carlo. He had also endeavoured to discover the girl for whose face he had taken such a strange liking at the Casino the same evening. All his attempts, however, to find her were in vain. No one could tell him anything about her. She seemed to have vanished out of his life as suddenly as she had appeared in it.

One afternoon, Middlesborough had returned from a reception at the British Embassy, which he had felt compelled to attend, not so much for diplomatic reasons as for the fact that the wife of the Ambassador was a connection of his own, to find the Duke de Rheims in his chambers. He apologised for having kept his guest waiting, and, as he did so, wondered what the other's presence could betoken at such an unusual hour. It was not long before the Duke enlightened him.

"*Cher ami*," he said, "I have come to inform you that Madame d'Espère has returned to Paris. I met her this afternoon, driving in the Bois, and she enquired with particular kindness after you. She asked me, if I saw you, to bring you with me to her reception to-night to renew your acquaintance with her. Have you any objection?"

"On the contrary, I should enjoy it immensely," Middlesborough replied, only to regret, a moment later, that he had been so impulsive. If the truth must be told, he had been thinking of her for some considerable time past, and had been wondering when he should be permitted an opportunity of seeing her again. After the commonplace life he had led for the past few weeks, it

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came like a breath of fresh air even to think that he should soon be seeing someone so original.

"What time is the reception?" he inquired of his friend. "And how shall I find her house?"

"The reception is at ten o'clock," the Duke replied, "and if you like I will pick you up here, or, if you prefer it, at the Amphitryon."

"Let us say the club," Middlesborough replied. "I have an appointment with Jimmy Foote, who crossed from London this morning. I would not miss him for worlds. He is always charged with the latest scandal, and it is occasionally diverting to fire him off, particularly when you have been absent some time from England. You learn then how many of the suspicions you once formed have been verified, you hear what the reasons are that induced Benedict to go suddenly shooting big game in South Africa, and why Beatrice has taken it into her head to spend six months with a maiden aunt in the north of Scotland. Believe me, it is by no means undiverting when you can see behind the scenes."

"Cher ami," **he said, "I have come to inform you that Madame d'Espère has returned to Paris."**

"I have no doubt," said the Duke. "Scandal is like alcohol; when you have once acquired the craving for it, it's deuced hard to live without it. Well, I will pick you up, then, at the Amphitryon Club at half-past nine."

When the other had left him a change came over Middlesborough. Being in a speculative mood, he tried a fall with his understanding, and endeavoured to convince himself that he did not in reality care very much whether he saw Madame D'Espère again or not. He had been interested in her when he had met her at Monte Carlo, and he had often thought of her since as one of the most remarkable women he had ever met. That, however, was probably the result of *ennui*, not of any more sober attraction. Nevertheless, he found his eyes continually wandering towards the clock, and his friend, Jimmy Foote, with whom he dined that evening, has since been heard to declare that he found him for once in his life, an unusually *blasé* and uninteresting companion. At half-past nine, punctual almost to the moment, the Duke put in an appearance, whereupon Middlesborough bade Jimmy Foote good-night, and they adjourned to the street in search of Middlesborough's cab. When the two young men had entered the vehicle, the Duke gave the order to the coachman and they set off. They passed through the Place de l'Opéra and along the Boulevard de la Madeleine, then down the Rue Royale into the Champs Elysées. For the first time for many years Middlesborough experienced a sensation of novelty as he drove through the streets of Paris. He was like a school boy on the way to his first pantomine, for, in spite of his arguments of the afternoon, he was compelled to acknowledge that his introduction at Monte Carlo had only served to whet his curiosity for what was to follow.

Reaching Madame d'Espère's residence, they entered the courtyard by means of two elegantly wrought gates, above which the electric light was burning brightly. The cab drew up at the steps and they alighted. Vehicles were entering behind them, while others were passing out through the gates upon the further side. From the accomplished manner in which her servants regulated the traffic it was plain to Middlesborough that Madame d'Espère was in the habit of receiving

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many visitors. In the hall soberly attired men-servants, of approved decorum, relieved them of their cloaks and hats, and afterwards passed them on to others, who in turn conducted them to the salon in which the reception was being held. As he passed up the stairs, Middlesborough made good use of his eyes. He was anxious, if possible, to obtain some clue from the appointments of the house as to the taste and habits of its mistress. What he saw astonished him. The hall itself contained several fine statues and a large number of unique pictures, many of them of great value; the staircase was lined with some undeniable tapestries, while the woodwork was black, and exquisitely carved.

Drawing back the curtains, the major-domo entered the room and announced the two young men.

"What may seem fun to you may mean death very probably to me."

"Ah, Milord Middlesborough," said Madame d'Espère, after she had shaken hands with the Duke, and bade him welcome to her house, "so M. de Rheims was able to persuade you to pay me a visit? Can it be possible that you have been in Paris so long and are not tired of her?"

Middlesborough smiled. He remembered what she had said to him at their last meeting.

"No," he answered; "for once in my life I am proving constant to my divinity. I must confess, however, there are times when my patience is sorely tried."

"How so?" inquired his hostess, when she had welcomed a prominent member of the Senate, and had paid a compliment to a somewhat pompous General of Division. "Do you find your life so uninteresting that you get no pleasure out of it?"

"Very little," Middlesborough answered. "Has not M. de Rheims informed you that it is consistent with my character to get tired of everything?"

"Monsieur de Rheims is a good friend, and points only to your good qualities," she answered. "He leaves me to find out the others for myself. But, seriously, am I to understand that you find your life so very dull?"

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"I say it in all seriousness," Middlesborough replied. "I am half thinking of sailing for South America. There is always some chance of excitement there. What with earthquakes, murders, and revolutions, you never know when you rise in the morning whether you will be alive in the evening."

"And are you so weary of life that you crave excitement of any kind?" asked Madame d'Espère, as she slowly fanned herself.

"Why not?" replied Middlesborough. "The greater the risk the greater the enjoyment. That is as much a rule of life as it is of arithmetic."

"Suppose it were possible, then, to help you to a little excitement of the kind you seek? What would you say?"

"I should be thoroughly grateful. I cannot give you a better answer."

"In that case I will see what I can do," she replied.

"And when shall I be permitted to hear the result?" Middlesborough replied with a smile on his face, for he still believed her to be jesting.

"I cannot say," she answered. "Remember I commit myself to nothing. I will do what I can for you, but before you take any step, consider well what you are doing. After that, if anything happens, do not hold me responsible."

"I will promise to absolve you from all blame," he replied. "I am already under an obligation to you for you have done something for me that no one else has accomplished—you have aroused my curiosity."

At this juncture he was compelled by the arrival of more visitors to leave her. He accordingly made his way along the room in search of de Rheims. It was a magnificent apartment, large and lofty, and furnished in a fashion that betokened the possession not only of taste, but also of considerable wealth. The pictures on the walls were modern without exception, but they were by the best masters. Middlesborough noticed, however, that there was a sameness about the subjects chosen. One near the door depicted Saul consulting the Witch of Endor, that on the left of the fireplace showed an Egyptian magician reading the stars, while Pharaoh reclined upon a couch at a little distance; another pourtrayed Mephistopheles upon the Brocken, with the lightning playing round his head, and a host of little devils peeping at him from among the rocks. Middlesborough remembered the conversation he had had with his hostess, and also the stories de Rheims had told him at Monte Carlo, and after that her curious choice of pictures seemed in keeping with her character. He was studying the last of the works named, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he found himself face to face with a man he had not seen for many years. He was a celebrity now, for he had lately penetrated into the heart of Africa, and had written a book in connection with his travels which had taken literary Europe by storm.

"My dear Fritz," Middlesborough cried, as he took the other's hand, "I had no idea you were in Europe, and still less that I should find you in Paris. I thought you were on the other side of Albert Nyanza. Pray when did you return?"

"I have been at home nearly two months," the other replied.

He was a fine looking man, in the prime of life, bronzed with travel, and carried with him the air of one who had been accustomed to encounter life in its wilder moods. Middlesborough slipped his arm through his and led him to a comfortable settee at the side of the room. They seated themselves upon it.

"I want you, Fritz," he said, when they had talked for a while on other subjects, "to tell me how long you have known Madame d'Espère, and, in fact, to give me all the information you can about her."

"I'm afraid that will not be very much," the other answered. "I was introduced to her just before I left for Africa three years ago. When I returned she was one of the first to write me a letter of welcome. Yesterday she heard I was in Paris, and invited me to call upon her—hence my presence here."

"And what can you tell me of her private history?"

"No more than anyone else can," the other replied. "She is a mystery, which, to my thinking, adds to her triumph. But you don't mean to say that she interests you? I thought you were beyond the power of any human being."

"My dear Fritz," said Middlesborough, "I am afraid your sojourn in Africa has made you sarcastic. I am quite as ready to study my fellow man as you are, but you must agree with me that the usual run of people one meets are so devoid of anything but the commonplace, that it would require an Ibsen or Maetterlink to find anything of interest in them. Our hostess, however, is quite different. There is something about her that is indescribable. She, like you, has accused me of having lost all interest in my surroundings. As a matter of fact, she has promised only

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this evening to remedy the defect as soon as possible. She is going to discover a new form of excitement for me—a panacea that will not fail to effect a cure."

His companion gave a start of surprise.

"Then you do not know? I thought, since you were in the house, that you knew everything," he said.

Middlesborough shook his head.

"What is it that I should know?" he inquired. "Everyone seems to think I am aware of something, when, as a matter of fact, I am quite in the dark as to what is going on. Will you not let me into the secret?"

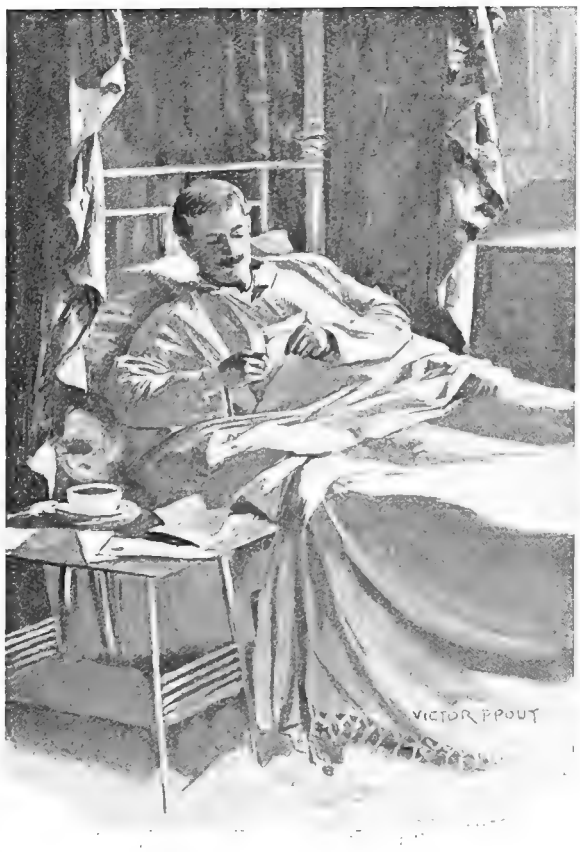
"Not for worlds," said the other. Then with unusual seriousness he continued: "My dear Evelyn, for Heaven's sake be careful what you are doing. Have no more to do with this woman than you can help. Above all, do not let her find you any amusement. If you do, I give you my word you will regret it to the end of your life."

"My dear old friend," answered Middlesborough, "this sort of thing is really delightful, but, at the same time, it is slightly annoying. What does it all mean? Is Madame d'Espère a female vampire, that you should warn me against her with so much seriousness? You have added fuel to my curiosity, and, whatever happens, I must really go on. Come, make a clean breast of your story, or let us drop the subject altogether."

"I cannot," his friend replied; "I have pledged my honour not to reveal anything. But, once more, I implore you to follow my advice. Go away, return to England, do anything, but, on no account, let her find you amusement."

They had both risen by this time, and the traveller was speaking with more than usual earnestness. So occupied were they indeed, that they did not notice the approach of their hostess, who was close upon them before they became aware of her presence.

"Ah, Monsieur Fritz," she said, "why are you so cruel as to endeavour to prevent me from having the pleasure of ministering to Lord Middlesborough's happiness?"



It was an extraordinary epistle, and contained an extraordinary suggestion.

"You must not be vexed with Fritz," Middlesborough replied. "He does not mean half he says. As a matter of fact he has been talking in fables."

"Why in fables?" Madame d'Espère inquired.

"He remembers the story of the boy and the frog you see. He thinks that when you speak of finding amusement for me, what may very probably seem fun to you, may mean death to me."

He spoke in jest, without the least idea of causing trouble, but he noticed that both his hostess and Fritz gave a little start of astonishment.

Madame d'Espère looked at him curiously.

"Perhaps you are trying to pay me a compliment," she said a little nervously, as if she were not quite sure of her ground.

"That was my intention," Middlesborough replied, as he realised that he had made an unfortunate remark, and that this was the best way out of the difficulty.

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A few moments later he had thanked her for her hospitality, had made his adieux, and was in the street once more. He was conscious of a pleasant titillation of the senses for which he could not account. He endeavoured to analyse it as his neat little brougham drove along the Faubourg in the direction of his residence, but in vain. He had not solved it when his manservant, an individual of superhuman discreetness and experience, bade him a respectful good-night, and closed his bedroom door upon him an hour and a half later.

He took from his pocket the letter, which he carefully perused.

As usual next morning his letters were brought to him with his chocolate. His mail was invariably a large one, and this morning it was even more so than usual. Invitations sufficient to occupy all his waking moments twice over poured in upon him; tradesmen implored his patronage; horse-dealers desired to bring under his notice the merits and perfections of animals which, more by fortune than by good management, so it would appear, had fallen into their hands; charitable organisations endeavoured to persuade him that to endow homes for dilapidated drunkards and institutions for the reclamation of inveterate thieves by purely personal influence was a better way of spending money than wasting it upon long excursions to foreign lands that did no good to himself, and, for that matter, to anybody else. More often than was altogether wise there were delicately scented little notes, which it was necessary should be reduced to ashes as soon as their contents had been perused. Middlesborough had tossed the begging letters aside to be answered later on, when he returned to England, and was about to get out of bed, when a somewhat bigger envelope than the rest caught his eye. The writing was bold, masculine, and quite unknown to him. Before he opened it he turned it over and examined it carefully. What was the reason of it he could not say, but his instinct told him, as plain as any words could speak, that it had some connection with Madame d'Espère. At last he tore it open and withdrew the contents. These proved to be a letter and a small ebony counter or disc, upon which a Greek word was inscribed. The document read as follows:—

If Lord Middlesborough desires to avail himself of an opportunity of joining a club which has for its sole object the dissipation of that *ennui* which has settled itself upon him, let him be standing before the Rameses monument punctually at ten o'clock this eve ing. As the clock strikes the hour a brougham will drive up; a man will look out and speak to him. On being shown the accompanying talisman, he will conduct him to a certain place where he can see something of the institution in question. Should Lord Middlesborough intend to avail himself of the privileges accorded him, it must be plainly understood that he pledges his word of honour that he will at no future date reveal to anyone either the object of his visit, or anything he may see or hear during his stay within the walls.

That was all. He scrutinised the writing carefully; it told him nothing, however. To the best of his belief he had never seen it before. He then examined the postmark, with the same result. All that he could discover was that it had been posted at the General Post Office in the Rue du Louvre before midnight the night before. Then he read it through again. It was an extraordinary epistle, and contained an extraordinary suggestion. He was fond of an adventure. The question for him to decide

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was whether he should go or not. What was this society which had founded itself solely for the destruction of *ennui?* It sounded original enough, while there was an air of mystery about the arrangement that appealed forcibly to his imagination. Should he go or not? Weary as he was of the continual round of modern amusements, he had still sufficient prudence left in his constitution to prevent him committing himself to any definite action before he knew what was to follow. He therefore locked the letter up in his cabinet with the ebony talisman, and resolved to decide upon his line of action sometime during the day. But, as he soon discovered, it was one thing to pretend to banish the matter from his mind and another to do so.

As a result by midday he had decided that the prospect of an adventure was more than he could withstand. When he returned to his residence that evening, to dress for dinner, he went to the cabinet and took from it the letter and the disc. He stood looking at the latter meditatively. Engraved upon it in Greek was the word "Oblivion." The word had suddenly come to suggest a significance for him that it had never possessed before. He dropped it into the pocket of his waistcoat, and resolved that the hour of ten should find him at the *rendezvous*. Happen what might he was determined to see the adventure through.

CHAPTER III.

Precisely at the appointed hour, Middlesborough turned from the Quai des Tuileries into the Place de la Concorde. He crossed the Square, passed the fountains, and approached the spot where once the best blood of France had been spilt. Having reached the obelisk, he looked about him, expecting to see the carriage and the man who were to meet him there, and who would explain the mystery surrounding the letter he had that morning received. With the exception, however, of a Sergeant de Ville, who was interrogating a ragged match seller, that particular portion of the Square was deserted. Anxious to be sure that he had made no mistake, he walked to the nearest lamp-post and took from his pocket the letter which he carefully perused. There could be no sort of doubt about it. He was to meet the messenger at this spot punctually at ten o'clock. He accordingly returned to the Obelisk, and once more took up his position before it. He had scarcely done so before a neat, single horse brougham came through the Place, and pulled up opposite where he stood. A moment later the window nearest him was lowered and a man's voice said—"Have I the pleasure of addressing Lord Middlesborough?"

The other immediatety strolled towards him and reassured him upon that point.

"Possibly," said the new comer, "you have something with you that will prove you are the person whom I am to meet?"

By way of reply Middlesborough produced from his pocket the small ebony disc which had been sent him that morning.

"A thousand thanks," the other replied, and as he said it he opened the door and invited Middlesborough to enter the carriage. The latter, on his side, however, was not prepared to do so until he had convinced himself of the messenger's *bona fides*.

"I should be glad if you would tell me where you are going to take me," he said. "So far, I know nothing, except what the letter I received this morning told me.

"I am afraid I cannot give you any information upon that head," the other replied. "My instructions were to meet you here and to escort you to a certain house in the suburbs. If, however, you have any fear for your safety, let me at once assure you that you may abandon it. All I ask in return is, that you will give me your word that nothing you may see or hear during the time you are there, shall pass your lips again. That once done, the rest is easy.

"I will give you that assurance with pleasure," Middlesborough replied. "But I must confess I should like to know something more of what I am about to do. However, as you cannot tell me that, I suppose I must do without it."

So saying he entered the carriage and took his place beside the man. Immediately he had done so the carriage started, and passed out of the Place de la Concorde, along the Champs-Elysées, through the Place de l'Etoile and the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and finally crossed the Seine by the Pont Neuilly. They had been driving for upwards of five minutes before either of them entered upon a conversation. Then Middlesborough begged permission to light a cigarette. He took his case from his pocket, and, having opened it, tendered it politely to his companion. The latter, however, respectfully declined the honour. Middlesborough thereupon placed one in his mouth, and was about to strike a match when the other stopped him.

"Permit me," he said, and as he did so

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he took from his pocket a small silver box. There was a clicking sound, and then a little electric spark became visible inside. Middlesborough obtained a light from this, and as he did so, made a mental note of the circumstance. He had hoped, in lighting the cigarette, to be able to obtain a glimpse of his companion's face. The other, however, had forestalled him with his clever little invention, which threw the light like a policeman's lantern, all in one direction. It was evident from this that he was not the sort of person to be caught napping.

There was a clicking sound, and then an electric spark became visible inside the silver box. . . . It was evident he was not the sort of person to be caught napping.

"We are crossing the Seine, I see," said Middlesborough; "then our address must either be Neuilly, Nanterre, Reuil, or Bougival?"

"Your Lordship must forgive me if I do not answer that question," the man replied. "Under the circumstances, it would perhaps be as well if we confined ourselves to subjects of more general interest. I am under orders, you see, and must be pardoned if I obey them."

"Of course," Middlesborough answered. "I congratulate Madame d'Espère on being so well served."

To this the man returned no reply, and Middlesborough saw that this shot also had failed to reach its mark. It did not prevent him however, from trying to keep a watchful eye on the country through which they were passing. Unfortunately the night was dark, and a sharp storm of rain rattled against the window panes, rendering it impossible for him to see anything of their direction.

"Whatever our adventure may prove to be," said Middlesborough to himself, "it is quite evident that they and the weather, are taking great pains to prevent my finding my way to the place again. It is to be hoped that the end will justify the means."

"Have we very much further to drive?" he enquired of his conductor, when they had been sitting in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"In less than ten minutes we shall be at our destination," his companion replied. "I regret that your Lordship should find the time hang heavily upon your hands. I trust, however, that your evening's amusement may compensate for that."

"I sincerely hope it will," Middlesborough returned. "Are you aware whether Madame d'Espère will be present herself?"

"I know no such person," the other replied, but in a tone which led his companion to believe that his assertion was not altogether in accordance with the truth. He said nothing on this point, however, but relapsed into silence once more, and waited for the ten minutes to pass by. When five of their number had departed the man sitting beside him suddenly showed signs of animation.

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"Your Lordship was kind enough before we started to give me your assurance that whatever you might see or hear to-night, you would never reveal upon any consideration whatsoever. I presume, therefore, that you will have no objection to attaching your signature to a written promise?"

"I have given you my promise," said Middlesborough stiffly, "but if my word is not sufficient, I will do as you request. It is quite unnecessary, however."

"I am aware of that," the other answered, "but, unfortunately, in this matter we are compelled to be more than usually careful. A written promise is exacted from every member before he is admitted to the privileges of the Club, of which you will be an honorary member to-night."

"Are there any other rules? If so, please acquaint me with them, for I have no desire to commit a solecism."

"As you are, for this evening, at any rate, only an honorary visitor, we will make no further demands upon you, save to ask you to preserve your incognito. Here is a mask, my lord, which you will be kind enough to wear during the time you are in the house."

With that he produced from his pocket a small mask of black velvet fringed with lace, which he invited Middlesborough to place upon his face. At first the other felt inclined to demur, but when he was informed that admittance to the club was impossible without, he waived his objections and did as he was ordered. A moment later the coachman stopped, there was a sound of opening gates, and then the carriage rolled in between them, and passed along an avenue of sighing trees. The rain was still beating pitilessly down, and, as Middlesborough told himself, there had hitherto been plenty of mystery but very little cheerfulness in the adventure. The darkness of the carriage, the beating of the rain outside, and the general air of gloom must have affected his spirits, for he began to wonder whether he had been running his head into a trap. Only a week before, he remembered, a young foreigner had been decoyed into a house in the suburbs, and there murdered under particularly revolting circumstances. What was to prevent the same fate befalling himself? He thanked his stars that he had at least taken the precaution to slip a small revolver into the pocket of his coat before leaving the house. With that he would be able to give two or three of his enemies a fair *quid pro quo* before they brought him down.

"Your house stands a long way back from the road," he said to his companion, after they had been driving for upwards of five minutes along the avenue. "Nor, from what I can see of it, does it appear to be a particularly cheerful sort of place."

"You will alter your opinion in a moment," the man replied. "One must not judge everything by externals. I have known many a dull prologue precede many an extremely witty play."

"I am glad to see that you have some sense of humour," said Middlesborough. "Pray tell me how I am to find my way home again when the entertainment to which you are conducting me is at an end?"

"You need not distress yourself on that score," the other answered. "Everything has been arranged for your comfort. As a matter of fact, I shall myself have much pleasure in conducting you back to Paris."

He had scarcely said this before the carriage once more pulled up, and he was invited to alight.

(To be continued.)

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From a Photo.

The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

The Amateur Amateur.

I INCIDENTALLY mentioned last month that beyond all question the fixed-focus camera is the most serviceable for those who do not indulge in too lofty ambitions with respect to photography.

After all, this comprehends a vast proportion of the individuals who use cameras. Photography as a scientific pursuit, or as an intricate art, has long been the hobby of a few. But photography as an intellectual, and not too difficult, amusement has, within recent years gained so enormous a hold, simply and solely because it is exceedingly easy. Merely to carry a camera to a certain spot and then turn it on to the subject selected and press a button and leave other folks to do the rest, has much that appeals to many.

If it is a snapshot of individuals, for the moment unaware of what is happening, the picture is a feat to be proud of. So much so is this that from such class of work has sprung that most trying of all creatures the "camera fiend." The enjoyment seems to lie in getting the snapshot, and in the excitement of seeing the result. When once it has been developed and printed, the interest abates, and after a laugh or two (very feigned on the part of the victim), the photograph is tossed aside.

However, the snapshot may comprise a subject of more lasting interest, such as a street scene in some foreign town, or a peculiar building, and so on. Whichever it is, such photographers make no pretence of their photographs being works of art. They are kept as reminders of what the traveller has seen. The album into which they are pasted becomes, as it were, a collection of sketches.

Photo by Charles Reid.

The Performing Bear.

Fixed-Focus Cameras.

Now it is perfectly obvious that the more complicated an instrument is, the more is the skill required for its proper use. When it is used pro-

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Photo by "Sweet as the Rose in her Bosom!" Madame Lallie Guret Charles.

perly it is, of course, infinitely more efficient than its simpler and less complex rival. But unless it is properly understood in all its various ramifications, a most woeful result is sure to follow.

Here, then, is the secret of the advantage of fixed-focus cameras over those that focus, for such people as have no time, or more possibly, no inclination, to achieve an expertness in the use of a complicated apparatus.

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Photo by F. Ollo.

A Leader of the Blind.

It is certain, of course, that the best picture obtainable by a fixed-focus camera, when surrounding circumstances are somewhat adverse, is immeasureably inferior to that produced by the better instrument; but it is equally certain that in the hands of two — what shall I say — duffers, or, better still perhaps, beginners, the fixed-focus camera will be in all probability more successful than the elaborate focussing one.

It really amounts to this, that there is no great margin for mistakes in an ordinary fixed-focus camera. Given favourable circumstances, the little affair will do its own work for itself. But here we have the whole difficulty. It is just with respect to surrounding circumstances that we find ourselves so limited. We become slaves without a chance of helping ourselves. If everything is not exactly right we can only tuck our camera under our arm, and watch our more skilful companions take a photo with a camera rejoicing in a capacity to focus and in an iris diaphragm, or in a series of stops.

The Advantages of Stops.

There is in the way of cameras a halfway house between the fixed focus camera that is a mere toy, and the more elaborate combinations. This consists of a camera incapable of focussing, but, at the same time, fitted with an iris diaphragm or a series of stops. To explain the scientific reasons of the advantage and working of a diaphragm is, with respect to the learned and expert photographer, a matter of carrying coals to Newcastle; whilst to enter into elaborate details would be neither more nor less than tedious to the ordinary individual. Suffice it is to say that, in a sense, the closing of the aperture or, in other words, the using of a smaller stop, concentrates the rays of light, and, in a fixed-focus camera, is a substitute (up to a certain point) for focussing.

A Simple Camera.

The majority of fixed-focus cameras are similar in quality. It may be a Frena, or it may be a Kodak, and there are many others. With respect to the Kodak, I can give some facts and figures of

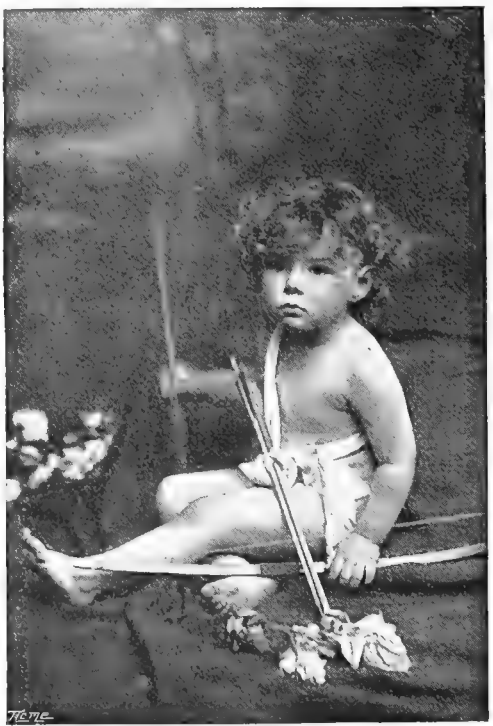

Photo by Guy & Co. Ltd.

Cupid.

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From a Photo.

A SAMOAN BEAUTY.

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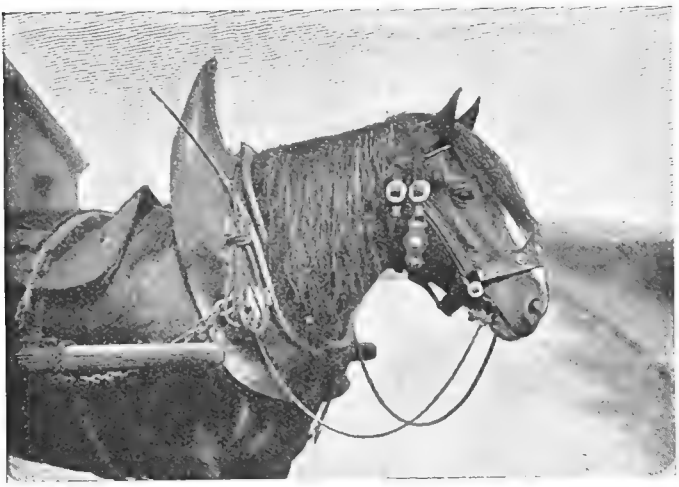

Photo by Charles Reid.

Patience.

my own experience, and facts and figures are always useful. The principle is, however, identical, whatever camera is used.

I will suppose, for the sake of argument, and for the purpose of giving my remarks a definiteness, that you are using a No. 2 Special Bullet (or Bullseye) Kodak. Here you have a fixed-focus camera, and one fitted with an iris diaphragm.

The Use of Different Stops.

Now a snapshot pure and simple is only po s'ble (and by possible I mean really likely to turn out well) if the main portion of the picture is over 10ft. away, and if the light is good. Then the full aperture can be used. Such a photograph presents no vast difficulties. If the sunlight is fairly strong, the diaphragm can be reduced to F 8. There is no difficulty in this, and no learning is required, for the scale is marked and a pointer indicates the exact aperture. If the snapshot is on the sea, or if the sunlight is very strong, the aperture can be still further reduced to F 16. If you have the combination of sea and bright sunshine, you can still further reduce the aperture by stopping down to F 32. This, too, is the right stop for use with a time exposure, if you are attempting a portrait, the sitter being anything beyond 10ft. from you. F 16 is, moreover, the correct stop for a time exposure when the subject is at a distance.

F 64 is absolutely useless for a snapshot; under no circumstances can it be anything but a failure. For time exposure out of doors, however, it gives you a very sharp result, far sharper and better than you could possibly get if you had a camera not fitted with stops. When your subject is a landscape, with plenty of sunshine, you can use the "lever" exposure, which means that the shutter is open as long as you keep the spring pressed down. You must make as quick an exposure as you can.

The smallest stop of F. 128 is of course, only for use for time exposure.

The Best Result.

Now let me try and summarise the above information into something approaching a table. F. 8 is for a snapshot in ordinary sunshine. F. 16 is for a snapshot on the sea, and for subjects not too close and with plenty of sunshine. F. 32 is for snapshots on the sea when the sun is bright; also for portrait work when the sitter is beyond 10ft. F. 64 is for time exposure out of doors and for portrait work within 10ft, also for "lever" exposure for landscape. If there are light clouds, from a half to one second exposure is correct; if the clouds are heavy then from two to five

Photo by Photochrome Co.

The Abbey Bridge, Barnard Castle.

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seconds. It is also the best aperture for portraits out of doors with diffused light, the exposure being from four to eight seconds.

It is not to be supposed that the data I have given will prove absolutely complete or infallible. Still, it will prove of inestimable value and assistance to the amateur, that is, to the amateur who has a camera, and only a very small idea of how to use it. It will, too, tend to show how very much greater are the possibilities of a camera fitted with stops over the one which is not. My advice is to cut this paragraph out and paste it on to your camera for ready reference.

The Camera in London.

A small fixed-focus camera has a number of advantages when one wishes to indulge in a little snap-shooting in London or any other big city.

Of course there is the limitation of light. It must be a really good light or, for a certainty, the films will be underexposed. But given propitious surrounding circumstances, what limitless fields for work are some, nay, indeed, all or any, of the great London thoroughfares!

It is not a question of snapping off pictures of the traffic. They never come out well. The chief prizes consist of individuals, some of those queer quaint creatures that haunt the roads of London. They are characters to talk to, and almost obviously they are characters to look at. Many of them are actual institutions. The same square yard of pavement or roadway sees them year in and year out. Generally they are newspaper sellers, sometimes they are match sellers; occasionally they are crossing sweepers, often enough—far too often—they are little more than children.

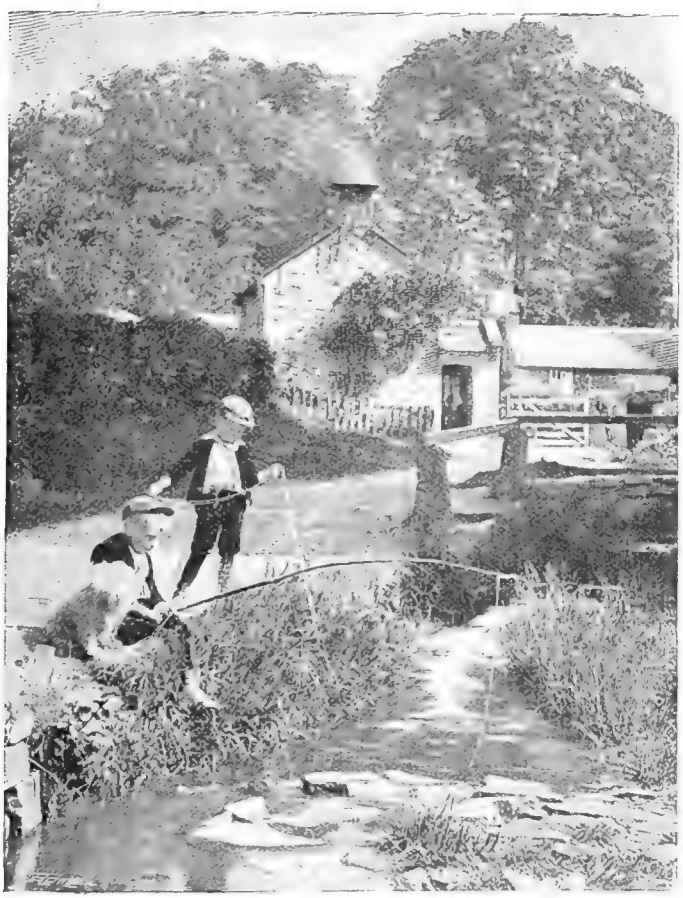

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Anglers.

Have you ever seen that blind woman sitting on the stone support of the railing of one of our great hospitals? She sells matches, if I remember aright, and her face, absolutely tranquil and yet with a look of old pain on it, would make a most pathetic study. And you who are familiar with those roaring rivers of traffic, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and the Strand, have doubtless seen a blind man with a face not unlike Mr. Cecil Rhodes' characteristic visage. He (the blind one, not the African Napoleon) thumps the pavement with his stick, and cries out his wares in a loud, sing-song, and peculiarly melancholy voice. Have you seen him? He, too, would be well worth the trouble of photographing. These are only two of how vast a multitude!

But I have no space to write more of the London street arab. Some day I must give him a number to himself.

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I.

THE Marquis de Castelroc stood smiling before me, and in his outstretched hand he held the appointment, which unsolicited and even against my wishes, he had obtained for me, in Lorraine.

For some moments I remained dumbfounded by what I accounted a liberty which he had no right to take, and yet, imagining that feelings of kindly interest had dictated it, I had not the heart to appear resentful.

At length I broke the painful silence.

"Monsieur is extremely kind," I murmured, bowing, "but I regret that I cannot accept the appointment."

He dropped the parchment on to the table, and going over to the fireplace, leant his elbow on the overmantel; with his gaze fixed upon the ormolu clock, he appeared lost in thoughts of no pleasant character to judge by the expression of his face.

"You are still a very young man, Monsieur de Blèville," he said at last.

"Pardon me," I interrupted impatiently, "but I was twenty-four last birthday."

"A great age," he sneered, then quickly changing his tone as if he feared to offend me, "I speak comparatively," he continued. "You are young when compared with me, who am old enough to be your father. Youth, *mon cher* Vicomte, is rash, and often does not recognise those things which would revert to its own advantage Now I mean you well."

"I doubt it not, Monsieur."

"I mean you well, and I take more interest in you than you think. I have noticed that you are growing pale of late; the air of Paris does not agree with you, and a change would benefit you vastly."

"I thank you, but I am feeling passing well," I answered with some warmth.

"Still," he persisted, puckering his brows, "not so well as a young man of your years should do. Lorraine is a particularly healthy country. You will take the appointment."

"A plague on the appointment!" I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain the anger which his impertinence excited, "I do not want it! Do you not understand me sir? *Notre Dame!* But your persistence grows wearisome. Permit me to bid you good-night; I have pressing matters to attend to."

So saying, I reached out for my hat which lay on the table beside the lighted tapers. But he caught my arm in his hand with a grip that made me wince.

"Not yet, Vicomte!" he cried huskily; "I take too great an interest in you to let you go thus. We must understand each other first."

His pale face had an evil scowl, and his voice a ring of mockery little to my taste.

"Your life is in danger, Monsieur," he said presently, "and if you persist in your determination to remain in Paris, evil will befall you."

"And from whom, pray?" I inquired haughtily.

"My Lord Cardinal."

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"Richelieu!" I gasped, and I know that I paled, although I strove not to do so.

Bending over until his lips were on a level with my ear, "Who killed Beausire?" he whispered suddenly.

I recoiled as if he had struck me, then, in an access of fury, I sprang upon him, and seizing him by the costly lace about his throat, I shook him viciously in my grasp.

"What do you know?" I cried. "Answer me, sir, or I will strangle you. What do you know?"

With an effort he wrenched himself free, and flung me back against the wall.

"Enough to hang you," he snarled, panting for breath. "Your presence in Paris is distasteful to me. I have determined that you shall quit it, and go you shall—either to Lorraine or the Bastille, as you choose."

"I choose neither, sir," I answered defiantly. "You cannot substantiate your calumny!"

"Ho, ho! Calumny, eh?" he jeered.

"Yes, calumny," I repeated, thinking to have found a loophole.

But my hopes were soon dashed.

"Pish!" he said, "but I have proofs, boy—written proofs. I have a letter which Beausire wrote to his wife, on the morning of his death, wherein he told her that he was going to St. Germain to a rendezvous with the Vicomte de Bléville."

"And why," I inquired suspiciously, "if such be the case, why was this letter not shown to Monseigneur de Richelieu by the widow?"

"Because it contained a request that it he fell, no disclosures should be made. The widow was forced to respect his last wishes. But she died last week, as you may possibly be aware; she was my sister, as you may also know, and after her death, I found this letter among other treasured papers. What do you say now? Will you accept the appointment?"

Before I could disengage, my arms were seized from behind.

"It was an honourable duel," I murmured sullenly.

He laughed.

"You can explain that to His Eminence," he answered derisively, "If you think it will weigh with him."

I knew full well that it would not; for besides the royal edicts which forbade duelling—and in virtue of which we had gone to St. Germain, to fight without seconds, trusting to each other's honour, so that there might be no witnesses, and so that the survivor might not be pestered with the law—Beausire *was the Cardinal's Nephew.*

Again Castelroc repeated that monotonous question, "Will you accept the appointment?"

"Would you vouchsafe to tell me why you desire my absence?" I inquired at length.

"Because your presence annoys me," he answered surlily.

"That is no explanation, Monsieur. I must have a reason."

"And, by Heaven, you shall!" he retorted furiously. "Listen, sir. There is a certain lady in Paris whom I love and whom I desire to wed, but I may not do so whilst you are by."

The absurdity of his explanation was such that I could not withhold a laugh.

"I do not understand how my presence can affect your *affaires de cœur.*"

"No more do I! *Mort de ma vie,* I do not!" he answered vehemently. "But women are strange things, and this one has the bad taste to prefer you to me."

"But, Monsieur de Castelroc," I exclaimed, "how can I be guilty of all this? I do not seek to wed the maid."

He looked at me in blank astonishment.

"You do not seek to wed Mademoiselle de la Haudraye?" he muttered.

"Who?" I thundered, starting forward.

"Mademoiselle de la Haudraye."

For a moment I stared at him, then, stimu-

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lated by anger and scorn, I burst into a long, loud laugh.

"It amuses you?" he said icily.

"*Par Dieu*! In truth it does! Imagine the presumption of a man of your years and reputation, aspiring to the hand of such a woman as Mademoiselle de la Haudraye! *Mon Dieu*, 'tis passing droll!"

And with my hands in my sides, I gave unrestrained vent to my hilarity, forgetful for the moment of the Cardinal, and the dungeon yawning at my feet.

But Castelroc sobered me suddenly by picking up that plaguey parchment.

"When you have had your laugh, you young fool, perhaps you will reconsider the advisability of accepting this document," he snarled white with passion.

"May the devil take you and your document," I answered, picking up my hat. "Do what you please. I remain in Paris."

"I will give you twenty-four hours to deliberate," he cried.

"My mind will be unaltered in twenty-four years."

"Then, *Mon Dieu*, I will go at once." And he touched a bell that stood upon the table. "My hat and cloak, Guitant," he said to the servant who answered his summons, "and order my carriage, I am going to the Palais Cardinal."

"And I to the Rue du Bac," I cried, as the door closed upon the lacquey.

"Where?" he ejaculated.

"To the Rue du Bac, to tell Mademoiselle de la Haudraye what manner of man you are, and what you are about to do. Now, Master *mouchard*," I exclaimed triumphantly, "if you imagine that your suit will prosper after that; if you imagine that the Comte de La Haudraye will permit his daughter to wed one of the Cardinal's spies, you are a greater fool than I hold you for."

It was a rash speech, but for the life of me, I could not have withheld it.

"You shall not go!" he roared, turning livid; "you shall not leave here but to go to the Bastille." Then raising his voice,—"Ho, there, someone! *A moi!*"

My sword was out in a trice, and I rushed wildly at him for his threat had scared me, and I saw that my rashness was like to cost me dear.

He drew as I sprang forward, and was barely in time to parry a stroke that threatened to end his intriguing for all time. Before I could disengage, my arms were seized from behind, and, struggling madly, I was held there at his mercy.

But he only laughed, and, sheathing his sword, said the Cardinal would deal with me.

I was flung rudely down, and whilst one servant pinned me to the ground, another fetched a rope wherewith they bound me firmly, hand and foot. Then Castelroc rolled me over and struck me on the face. I opened my mouth to tell him in fitting terms what I thought of his act, when, quick as lightning, he gagged me with a *poire d'angoisse*; then, with a parting gibe, he strode away in the wake of his *sbirri*, and locking the door after him, left me there, stretched upon the ground, powerless, inert and mute.

II.

For perhaps ten minutes I lay where I had been thrown, too stunned by the rude manner in which I had been handled, to indulge in active thought.

Presently, however, I revived somewhat. The ticking of the ormolu clock was irritating to me, and I felt a burning desire to dash it from its shelf and silence it. But as I gazed upon the ornament, I turned my thoughts to the time it measured, and in spirit I followed the Marquis de Castelroc to the Palais Cardinal.

"Even now," I thought, "he will be there. Say he is kept waiting five minutes, it will be half-past eight before he has speech of the Cardinal, another five minutes to relate his story, and ten minutes for his return, accompanied by an officer of Richelieu's guards, or of the *Mousquetaires*.

"By a quarter to nine I shall be arrested, by nine o'clock I shall be in the Chatelêt, and by to-morrow in the Bastille."

I shuddered and groaned alternately, for the next minute—and groaning with a choke-pear in one's mouth is not easily accomplished.

Next I remembered that I had my own rash tongue to thank for the ropes about me. Had I held my peace, I might have been left free to proceed to the Rue du Bac, and warn Adeline and her father of what was about to take place. I could have gone calmly to the Bastille, afterwards, reassured by the vows which I knew my lady would utter, and I thought—fulfil, to wait for me. She might have to wait a few years, but even the Cardinal de Richelieu could not live for ever, and he was already old, and in the end I should be released, and we might still be happy together.

But to disappear in this fashion, as if the earth had consumed me—it was dreadful! She would not know that it was Castelroc's

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handiwork, and after she had mourned me for a few weeks—with that villain at hand to console her—who could say what might happen? Women, I told myself, were fickle things, and many had an unhealthy fancy for a profligate, especially when, like Castelroc, he chanced to be courtly, handsome, and gifted with a persuasive tongue.

As these thoughts paraded themselves tormentingly before my brain, I was nigh upon becoming mad with anger. In a paroxysm of rage, I writhed like a wounded snake upon the polished floor, and rolled myself over and over, until I had almost broken my pinioned arms.

I paused at length in my futile struggles, and lay panting, on my back, staring stupidly at the hands of the timepiece, which now pointed to half-past eight. In another quarter of an hour, Castelroc would return.

Oh, if I could only have that quarter of an hour free, so that I might yet go to the Rue du Bac!

Then, the thought of escape suggested itself, and I was astonished that it had not occurred to me before. The next instant, however, I laughed inwardly—the choke-pear prevented me from laughing aloud—as I remembered how impossible it was. But I set myself to think.

If only I could release my hands! But how? I glanced about me. My sword lay on the ground, but I could devise no means of employing it.

I clawed the roof like a cat, and caught myself betimes.

Then my eyes alighted on the tapers that had been left burning, and my heart almost ceased to beat at the idea they suggested.

I glanced at the clock. It was already twenty-five minutes to nine. If only I had time. And at the thought I fell to cursing myself for not having acted sooner.

In ten minutes Castelroc would be back. Yes, but that was if he gained immediate audience. What if the Cardinal kept him waiting? He might spend a half-hour, an hour, or even two hours in the ante-chamber. Richelieu was not particular, and he had tried the patience of better men than Castelroc, in this fashion.

Still, fortune favours fools and rogues as well as brave men, so that it would not do to build my hopes upon a moonbeam. Of ten minutes I was certain, and what a desperate man could do in ten minutes, I would do.

With the agility of a reptile, I wriggled across the room, and having turned myself upon my face, I contrived to kneel. Next, with my chin upon the table, I strove to raise the weight of my body.

I had almost succeeded when of a sudden, my feet slipped, and I fell heavily to the ground once more, dragging the table with me. Two of the tapers spluttered and went out, but the third, fortunately, still burnt, upon the floor.

With a wildly thumping heart, I lay there listening, and wondering if the noise of my fall had attracted attention. But as all remained quiet, I crawled over to the lighted taper, and having gained my knees, I bent over it backwards, holding the rope that bound my wrists, in the flame, heedless of the searing of my flesh.

In half a minute my hands were free, although severely cut and scorched. To draw the gag from my mouth, and cut the cords at my ankles with my dagger, was the work of an instant.

Then, having righted the candle, and recovered my sword, I made stealthily across the room, to the window.

It wanted but twenty minutes to nine. I had but five minutes more!

I opened the window and looked out. It was a fine night and clear enough, although the moon had not yet risen, for which I was thankful.

I paused for a moment to inhale a deep,

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invigorating breath of the pure, April air, then glanced about me for a means of escape.

I groaned as I beheld the street pavement a good forty feet beneath me, and saw nothing that might assist me to climb down, as I had hoped.

A full minute I wasted in cursing my ill-fortune, as I realised that after all, there was nothing for it, but to submit to the inevitable and remain.

Only three minutes left! The thought acted on me like a dagger prod, and served to quicken my tumultuous thoughts.

I turned wildly this way and that, and at last my eyes fastened upon the sloping roof of the adjoining house, not more than twelve feet below the window whereat I stood, but quite three feet away to the left.

For a moment I thought of jumping it; but the peril was too great, and I would of a certainty have been dashed to pieces. Then a bright thought occurred to me, and I rushed back for my cloak, which lay in the room.

An iron stanchion protruded from the wall, a little to the left and some two feet below the window. I know not what it did there, nor for the moment did I care. It was already a quarter to nine.

Reaching out, I tied with trembling hands a corner of my cloak to that most *à propos* of stanchions. Even as I completed the task, a carriage came rumbling down the street, I felt myself grow cold with apprehension. Could this be Castelroc?

I went near to dropping from my perch on the window sill at the thought. But the coach passed on, and I took its advent as a good omen. I would cheat the dog yet! And I verily believe that I laughed, as I lowered myself gently from the window.

For a moment I clung to the sill, suspended in mid-air; then, moving my right leg across, I got astride of the stanchion, wondering for the first time if it would bear my weight, and sweating with fear at the thought.

But the iron was stout and firmly planted, and presently I was sliding slowly down my cloak, until there was perhaps a yard of it above my head. Next, taking a firm hold, I set myself to swing backwards and forwards, until presently the roof of the adjoining house was immediately below my feet.

Twice might I have loosened my hold and dropped with safety, but a miserable fear made me hesitate each time until it was too late. The third time, however, realising that the strain was beginning to tell upon my arms, and that I might not have strength enough left to swing across again, I commended my soul to God, and let go.

Down I came with a crash, upon the tiles, and it is a miracle that I did not slide over the edge of the sloping roof, and take a plunge into eternity. I did indeed, slip for a foot or so, but in wild terror I clawed the roof like a cat, and caught myself betimes.

Panting, and covered with perspiration, I lay there for a minute or two to regain my breath, and steady my shaken nerves, gazing at my still dangling cloak, and at the lighted window above, and marvelling greatly that I had had the daring to undertake so desperate a journey.

Castelroc had not yet returned, so I concluded that the Cardinal had kept him waiting. Still, he might appear at any moment, and I was too near my prison to feel safe as yet.

I dropped with a yell into their astonished midst.

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Then picking myself carefully up, I crawled along, on hands and knees for a while, until presently, growing bolder with experience, I rose to my feet, and hurried as rapidly as I dared, along that elevated highway.

For some five minutes, I pushed steadily onward, with naught save a stray cat or two to keep me company, but in the end, albeit the road was passing new to me, and vastly interesting, I began to weary of it, and paused to think how I might descend to the more usual walks of men.

I had reached the corner of the Rue Trècart by then, and as I looked about me, I saw an attic window, conveniently situated on one of the roofs to my left.

Turning I wended my steps in that direction, and with infinite pains I crawled down until I stood beside it.

The window was fastened, but it was an easy matter to put my foot through it, and afterwards my arm, and thus gain admittance.

I stood for a moment in the small, unfurnished room, to listen if there might be anyone at hand to resent my intrusion. Hearing naught, I went forward, and having opened the door, passed out on to the landing, and in the dark I felt my way stealthily down the stairs.

I had reached the first floor, and was debating whether I should go boldly down and quit the house in a rational manner by the street door, when suddenly hearing male voices and a certain raucous laughter, suggestive of the bottle, I deemed it best to risk no meetings that might be avoided.

I applied my ear to the keyhole of the door by which I stood, and as all remained still, I turned the handle and entered. There was nobody in the room, which I could just discern was tastily furnished and contained a bed; so closing the door after me, I stole across to the window which opened on to a wooden balcony.

As I reached it, my attention was arrested by the clash of steel below.

"What!" I thought, "brawling at this hour, and in the very streets of Paris, in spite of the edicts?"

Softly I opened the window and stepped out on to the balcony. The sight which met my eyes filled me with astonishment and anger.

A tall, well built Cavalier, with his back against the wall immediately beneath me, the crown of his hat almost on a level with the balcony, which was little more than six feet from the ground, stood defending himself with masterly dexterity against the onslaught of three evil-looking knaves.

If these men had no respect for the laws of the king, they might at least have some for the laws of chivalry. I did not hesitate a moment what to do; I forgot my own affairs utterly, and drawing my sword, I vaulted over the low wooden railings, and like the warrior St. Michael from Heaven to do battle for the right, I dropped, with a yell, into their astonished midst.

III.

Notre Dame! How those three ruffians stared at my unexpected and inexplicable advent!

And I, having seen what manner of men they were, felt no compunction at profiting by their surprise to run my sword through the nearest of them, from breast to back. He uttered a sharp cry, dropped his rapier, and clawed the air for a moment, then falling in a heap upon the ground, lay still.

With a shout of rage, another one sprang at me before I could release my sword, and the lunge he directed upon me would assuredly have sent me from the world unshriven, had not the cavalier interposed his blade and turned the murderous stroke aside. The next instant, however, he had to defend his own skin from the third ruffian, who sought to take the same advantage of him, that his fellow had endeavoured to take of me.

But the respite had permitted me to regain my sword, and I now engaged my assailant across the body of his fallen comrade, and kept him busy, albeit the light was bad.

As I had expected, he was but a sorry swordsman, and his parries reminded one of a windmill; nevertheless, he kept up a vigorous cut and thrust play of the old Italian school, which, albeit, soon reckoned with in daylight, is mighty discomposing in the dark, and on a slippery ground, with a body at your feet to stumble over if you lunge too far.

During the first few passes I laughed at his labours, and asked him banteringly if he were wielding a battle-axe; but presently, when I had been forced to turn my sword into a buckler three or four times, I recognised that the season was ill-timed for jesting.

If only I could catch that busy arm of his quiet for a second, I knew I should have him.

Presently he essayed a direct thrust, thinking to force my guard, but I caught his point, and with a sharp *riposte* which ended

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in an engage in *tierce*, I brought his play to a standstill at last.

The opportunity was not to be wasted, so with a quick, one, two, stroke, I sent my point round under his elbow, and whilst he went fumbling away to the right for my blade, it was grating against his ribs on the left.

He fell heavily across his companion's body, then raising himself by a stupendous effort, he fastened one arm around my leg, and attempted to shorten his sword, but the exertion overcame him, and as I kicked my leg free, he sank down in a swoon.

The whole affair had not lasted two minutes, and the cavalier was still at work with his opponent, but when turning, I advanced to his aid, the remaining ruffian sprang back, and setting off at a mad gallop down the street, was soon lost to our eyes and ears alike.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Monsieur," said the cavalier, in a curiously muffled voice, as he held out his left hand to me. "My right hand is bleeding slightly," he explained.

The sergeant fell back with a cry of dismay.

I took the proffered hand, and as answering him, I looked up at his face, I saw that he wore a mask.

"I am happy to have been of service to so valiant a gentleman," I answered, bowing, "but how came you, if I may inquire, into such company."

"I was decoyed hither," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "I was bidden come alone, and I was foolish enough to accept the invitation."

Whereat, thinking that possibly there was some jealous lady in the matter, and knowing how such affairs are managed, I enquired no further.

"And had it not been for your timely arrival," my companion added, "there would have been an end of me by now. But whither are you bent?" he inquired suddenly.

"To the Rue du Bac," I answered, as my own forgotten affairs came back to my mind.

"Then I will take you there in my carriage—it is waiting not many yards from here—I can thus make up to you for the time that you have lost on my behalf. But let us see to these knaves, first."

We turned the two fellows over; one of them was but slightly wounded, but the other one—the first to fall—was quite dead. We dragged them under the balcony, and propped them against the wall.

"I will send someone to attend to them," said my companion. "Come, it is not safe to linger, the patrol may pass at any moment."

With that, he linked his arm in mine, and drew me away from the spot. And as we went, he fell to thanking me again, and ended by praising my swordsmanship—albeit, he had seen but little of it himself—and saying that it was an accomplishment one should be thankful for.

"And yet, Monsieur," I exclaimed, "although I am thankful enough to-night, since it has afforded me the opportunity of serving you, yet am I at this very moment in grievous trouble; thanks to my rapier-play."

"Ah!" he murmured, with a show of interest, "and if I am not impertinent,

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what is this trouble? I may be able to assist you—who knows?"

I required no second invitation, for youth is ever ready with its confidences, and as we walked along, I began my narrative. When I spoke of Castelroc as a spy of Richelieu's, he stopped abruptly.

"The Marquis de Castelroc is no spy of the Cardinal's," he said coldly.

"Ah, pardon! I have offended you, Monsieur," I exclaimed. "Castelroc is a friend of yours."

"God forbid!" he ejaculated.

"But you know him?"

"Yes, for the greatest rogue unhung, but pursue your tale, you interest me."

Briefly I told my story down to the point where I had sprung from the balcony to his assistance.

"The dastard!" he muttered, then quickly added, "*Hélos!* my poor friend, your case is indeed grave; but if you were to seek audience of the Cardinal and explain to him, *qui sait?* he might forgive. The affair is old and probably forgotten. Moreover, you appear to have been forced into this duel with Beausire, and, *ma foi!* I fail to see how a gentleman could have done otherwise than fight, under such circumstances."

"Aye, Monsieur," I answered shaking my head, "but the Cardinal will not trouble to inquire. His edicts forbid duelling—that is sufficient. But if more were needed—Beausire was his nephew."

"You misjudge him."

"Nay, Monsieur, I do not. I recognise in His Eminence, a great and just man, too just to err on the side of mercy."

At that juncture we turned the corner and walked full into a patrol coming in the opposite direction.

My companion surprised me by bidding the sergeant go attend to the wounded man we had left behind.

"Has there been a duel?" the fellow inquired.

"Possibly," answered the cavalier, with great composure.

The sergeant eyed us suspiciously for a moment, then bade us return with him.

"We have business elsewhere, and the affair does not concern us," answered my companion.

"I know not that——" the other began, when suddenly,

"Peace, fool!" the cavalier muttered, and drawing forth his right hand which he had said was wounded, and hitherto kept carefully under his cloak, he held it up.

I knew not what magic was in those fingers, but at the sight of them the sergeant fell back with a cry of dismay; then recovering himself, he bowed low before us, and bid us pass.

A moment later, and before I could master my surprise at what I had witnessed, we entered a carriage that stood waiting hard by.

"Palais Cardinal!" said my companion.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, making for the door; but the coach was already in motion. I turned to expostulate with my companion. He had removed his mask, and a wild panic seized me as, by the light of a street lamp, I recognised—the Cardinal!

"Well, my young friend," he laughed, "you are in luck to-night, and since you have caught Richelieu breaking his own edicts, you have a right to expect that he will not judge you over harshly, and that for once this 'great and wise man' *will* err on the side of mercy."

"Your Eminence!" I cried.

"He raised his hand, upon which I now beheld the sacred amethyst which had so subjugated the sergeant.

"Say no more," he said, "you owe me nothing, whilst *I* owe you my life. As for this Castelroc, I am sorry to keep you from Mademoiselle de La Haudraye for a few moments longer, but I shall be grateful if you will afford me the amusement of beholding his face when we walk in, arm in arm, to grant him the audience for which he is no doubt still awaiting. I know the gentleman of old; he was involved in a Gascon plot last winter, and had a finger in one of Anne of Austria's tasty pies, a few weeks ago. I have been lately thinking of finding him a change of lodging, and your story has decided me. I do not think a sojourn in the Bastille would be amiss, do you?"

I confessed with a laugh that I did not, and a few minutes later, Richelieu's fancy for studying facial expression, found ample entertainment. Castelroc, seated in a deep chair in the ante-chamber, leapt up as we entered, and, *Mon Dieu!* his eyes started out of their sockets when he saw me, and his jaw dropped like that of a dead man.

As ten was striking—so quickly did it all occur — Castelroc and I left the Palais Cardinal, in separate carriages—he going to the Bastille with a mounted escort, and I—at last—to the Rue du Bac.

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By Mary Fermor.

Illustrated from old Engravings and from Photographs by Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin.

Now that court life has been robbed of so much of its splendour, shorn of many of its magnificent trappings and transformed from lavish display to stately simplicity ; when the ever-growing practical spirit of the century has succeeded in banishing all that is picturesque from male attire, and has reduced uniforms to a minimum of colour and decoration, it is interesting to study an even temporary revival of the sartorial glories of the past, such as is afforded by a Court fancy dress ball.

On May 12th, 1842, Queen Victoria gave at Buckingham Palace what is known as the Plantagenet Ball; and it is no surprise to find that a kindly sympathy with her suffering subjects prompted Her Majesty to command this splendid pageant. Prince Albert, in writing to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, thus alludes to the event: "We have organised it with the view of helping trade in London, which is greatly depressed. We are to represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa, and the whole court is to appear in the court dress of the period. The Duchess of Cambridge is to head a procession of one hundred and twenty persons, intending to represent France, Italy and Spain."

Certain turbulent spirits across the Channel seized on this laudable combination of duty and pleasure as an instrument wherewith to fan the anti-English sentiments of some politicians into a flame of national indignation. A heated debate took place in the French Chamber as to the propriety of their ambassador in London being present at a function which, under the disguise of philanthropy allied to frivolity, was in reality a deeply-laid scheme to inflame England with the memory of former conquests and revive British hostility to France. During the sitting, M. Guizot is reported to have stated that M. de St. Aulaire proposed to appear as Joan of Arc, the avenger of France! and the following paragraph was in the "Morning Advertiser," of May 11th: "The authentic armour of the Maid of Orleans reached Manchester House (the French Embassy) in several band boxes marked with the royal arms of France."

It is a fact that the King of the Belgians wrote saying: "Great excitement has been aroused at the Court of Paris by the report that in the above-named procession, King John of France was to be represented as a *prisoner in chains*!"

The Queen's costume consisted of a demi-trained skirt of *ponceau* (poppy-coloured) velvet, over which was a surcoat of blue and gold brocade, that looked like a corslet enriched with the loveliest golden flowers, with open, hanging sleeves of the brightest velvet. The fur that trimmed and lined the

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Queen's robes was minever, the skin of the Siberian squirrel, which in the Middle Ages was only worn by people of the highest rank, and appeared on no other costume on this occasion.

In the centre of the minever stomacher was a band of gold tissue overlaid with costly gems, the value of which was estimated at £60,000, exclusive of the pearl necklace, head-dress, and other jewels which adorned the regal costume. From the shoulders hung a mantle of gold and silver brocade, with flower design in brilliants. The hair was folded inward *à la Clovis* under a light, jewelled crown of graven gold, with vine leaf points and pendant oreillettes of diamonds.

By the kindness of Her Majesty this gorgeous dress was on view two days before the ball, and two hundred and fifty carriages belonging to the aristocracy and votaries of fashion thronged Hanover Square while their owners inspected the royal costume.

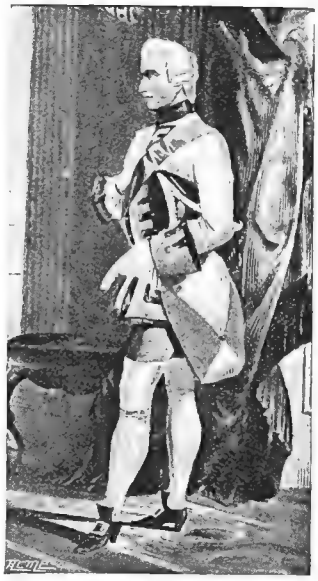
Prince Albert's stately figure and handsome face showed to the best advantage in the scarlet velvet, ermine-lined mantle, edged with its twelve hundred goodly pearls, under which

The Prince Consort's costume at the great ball of 1845.

The Queen's costume was that of Caroline, the consort of George II.

was a robe of gold brocade worth fifteen guineas a yard, slashed with Royal blue velvet, the bands and collar being studded with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. His Royal Highness was attended by a group of noble courtiers in the corresponding costumes of the period.

H.R.H. Duke of Sussex wore correct Highland dress with handsome silver-mounted dirk, pistols, and claymore. H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, as the Princess Claude, the fair daughter of Anne of Bretagne (the Duchess of Cambridge), wore a robe of light blue velvet, embroidered with *fleur-de-lys* in silver, over a petticoat of silver tissue edged with a broad band of ermine. The bodice of the dress was adorned with diamonds and turquoises, and the sleeves of silver tissue had rows of pearls up the back of each arm and at the wrists. A veil of silver tulle flowed from under a circlet of brilliants, turquoises, and pearls, and the white kid gloves were also jewelled.



The Duke of Cambridge impersonated an 18th century general of cavalry.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the Queen Dowager were both present in costume. All the costly and artistic fabrics used for the Royal costumes were made by the Spitalfields silk weavers, whose distress had been specially brought before Her Majesty's notice.

The Duchess of Sutherland's display of jewels was worth £100,000, and the costume worn by the Earl of Chesterfield is said to have cost £800, while the Earl of Pembroke, who impersonated Francis I., borrowed

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£10,000 worth of diamonds for the night from Storr and Mortimer, at the rate of one per cent. Sir Robert Peel, Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, laid aside the cares of State to attend the ball. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe represented King David Bruce, and Queen Jane of Scotland, respectively. No such gorgeous Court pageant had been seen in England since the days of the Merry Monarch.

There were more than 2,000 guests invited, and Her Majesty remained in the ball room till nearly three o'clock. As soon as the homage of the guests had been paid the Royal procession moved to the ball room, where French, Spanish, German, Crusaders, Waverley, Scotch, Cossack, and Greek, quadrilles were danced in succession before Her Majesty, who then dropped her minever mantle and took part in the Royal quadrille. A magnificent supper was served in the dining room at 1 a.m., and presented an unwonted scene of brilliancy and splendour. The tent of Sultan Tippoo Sahib was erected for refreshments in the upper Corinthian portico leading out of the green drawing-room.

Three years later—on Friday, June 6th, 1845—Buckingham Palace was the scene of a simpler and less picturesque gathering, the Powder and Patch Ball, the period chosen being 1740 to 1750.

Invitations were issued to 1,200 guests, including all foreigners of distinction then in London, and the *Corps Diplomatique*. This particular form of gaiety does not seem to have found favour with statesmen of that day, for Lady Granville in one of her charming letters writes thus:—"The fancy ball is the talk of the moment. The Ministers have made a respectful appeal to Her Majesty, but she has written to them *à la ronde* that she cannot let them off, nor the *Corps Diplomatique*. Van de Weyer (the Belgian ambassador) says there is an epidemic beginning among them." Charles Greville cynically remarks: "All London was engaged for some weeks with the Queen's ball, and could think of nothing else; all the elderly folks of both sexes dressing themselves up and learning to dance minuets. There was nothing but practising going on at one house after another. It was a very brilliant and amusing affair."

The Prince Consort appeared at the famous Plantagenet ball as Edward III.

Her Majesty as Queen Philippa. The gems on her costume are said to have been worth more than £60,000.

Most of the nobility copied portraits of their own ancestors, and officers holding Her Majesty's commission wore the corresponding uniforms of their respective services; thus, the Duke of Wellington appeared as the Duke of Cumberland of Culloden notoriety. The venerable Baroness (then Miss) Burdett-Coutts wore the famous "Collier de la Reine," the fatal diamond necklace that brought disaster to the ill-starred Marie Antoinette.

The Queen modelled her costume upon those patronised by her ancestress, Caroline of Anspach (consort of George II.), whose artistic taste had modified the stiff, ungainly outline of the then prevailing fashion.

Her Majesty wore a bodice and tunic of woven cloth of gold and

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silver, with a running pattern in sky-blue, and brocaded with bunches of poppies and marguerites. The tight-fitting bodice was cut square, and had a stomacher of cloth of silver. The under skirt was draped with delicate lace flounces, arranged in festoons, headed with ruches of crimson ribbon and looped with rosettes of the same, in the centre of which nestled clusters of diamonds. The powdered hair was surmounted by a low diamond tiara, and in addition to her other jewels, the Queen wore the Ribbon and Order of the Garter. White satin, high heeled shoes with crimson rosettes and diamonds completed the costume.

Prince Albert looked a fine manly figure in his red velvet and gold, his peruke, lace cravat and ruffles, his sword, and flashing, oval diamond shoe-buckles. On his breast blazed the Order of the Golden Fleece in brilliants of great value, as well as the coveted Garter.

Prince George of Cambridge donned the scarlet and gold uniform of a general of cavalry, and the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's step-brother, wore a handsome uniform of the period. Both these distinguished guests also wore the Order of the Garter.

Among the most striking figures were the handsome Duc de Nemours and his lovely wife, a princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the playfellow of Prince Albert's childhood, and whom he describes in these words: "She was gentleness, goodness, unassuming sweetness and love itself." She had been on terms of close friendship with the Queen from girlhood, and her early death in 1857, which took place at Claremont, caused deep sorrow to the royal couple.

At the Diamond Jubilee Ball the Prince of Wales wore the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

On this occasion she wore a rose-coloured damask silk, richly trimmed with gold blonde, pearls, and silver fringe, over which hung a tunic of costly point d'Alençon lace. The corsage and sleeves were edged with ermine bands, and below the jewelled stomacher hung rich silver tassels. On the left shoulder was a nosegay intermixed with diamond wheat ears, a headdress of pearls and diamonds rested on her luxuriant hair, and the purple satin shoes were embroidered with *fleur-de-lys* in gold and diamonds, the gloves being similarly adorned. The

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Duc de Nemours carried off his splendid uniform of silver and gold over crimson with courtly grace.

The Duchess of Kent chose a dress remarkable for its subdued splendour, and Her Majesty commissioned Mr. Haghe to execute a portrait of her august parent, as also a picture of the *Menuet de la Cour*.

Dancing began with a Polonaise in which the Queen and her Royal guests took part, and which was extended through all the state apartments to the combined music of the various bands. The company then passed before Her Majesty, after which she danced a minuet with H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge. Prince Albert took the Duchesse de Nemours; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Douro; the Prince of Leiningen, Lady Mount Edgcumbe; the other four couples being members of the court.

During the evening the Queen danced three more minuets, choosing for her partners Prince Albert, the Duc de Nemours, and the Prince of Leiningen, while the Prince Consort honoured the Duchess of Beaufort and the Countess of Wilton.

The programme included Sir Roger de Coverley, a few quadrilles, but no polkas. The strathspey dance was played by the Queen's own piper. Some of the ladies fainted under their unaccustomed adornments, and not a few were lacking in grace of deportment; but it was noticed that Her Majesty carried herself throughout with easy dignity, despite the extra weight of her wealth of jewels.

The Princess of Wales looked very beautiful as Marguerite de Valois. Her page was the daughter of Sir Francis Knollys.

We must skip over fifty years and more to come to the famous ball given at Devonshire House in honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The only important occasion on which Royalty had donned fancy dress during the intervening half-century was at Marlborough in 1874, when the Royal host appeared as Charles the First and his beautiful Princess as a Venetian lady. T.R.H. the Princesses Christian and Louise were Queens of Clubs and Hearts respectively, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught wore a leopard skin to give the necessary ferocity of "Beauty's" lover, "The Beast."

Within the historic walls of Devonshire House a gorgeous pageant was enacted, whose every detail had been planned and approved after careful study by artistic and historian experts. All that wealth, art, and luxury could devise was scattered with lavish hand. Beautiful and stately women represented Queens of the East and West, each of whom led her court to pay homage to the most beautiful and stateliest of them all — our ever-gracious Princess of Wales—in the exquisite dress of Marguerite de Valois.

La Reine Margot, as she was called, was famed for her beauty, her wit, and her faultless taste in dress. The Princess elected to wear a rich white satin, embroidered in gold and silver, with a high collar, from which hung a train of cloth-of-gold lined with silver brocade.

The corsage was almost concealed by the mass of jewels which studded it and hung from the throat. A diamond crown, a superb pearl-shaped pendant pearl attached to a

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rivière of brilliants, and pearls threaded in the coiffure put the crowning stroke to this vision of regal grace.

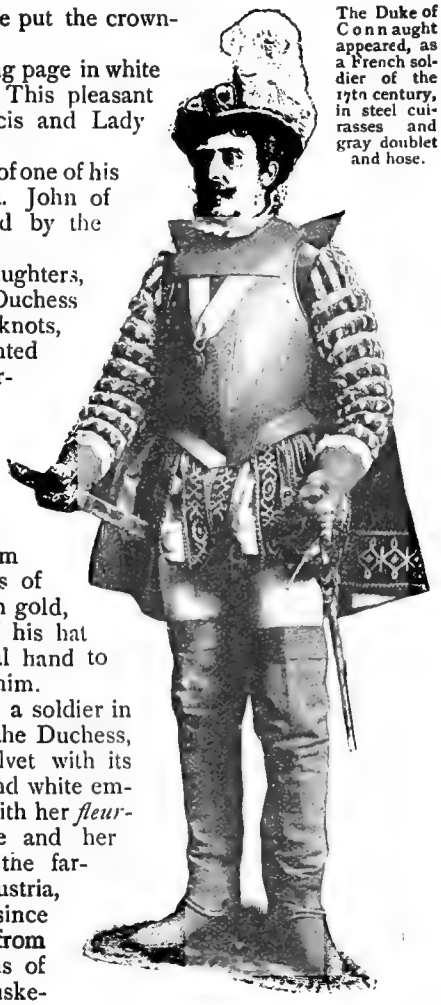
Her Royal Highness's train was borne by a charming page in white and gold, with scarlet velvet cape and cap to match. This pleasant office was filled by the young daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Knollys.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales chose the sombre garb of one of his many offices—Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—the black velvet and jet being enlivened by the diamond Cross of Malta and the Order of the Garter.

In attendance on the Princess were her three daughters, in white, maize, and pale pink respectively, and the Duchess of York in pale blue, embroidered with diamond knots, pearls, and silver. Some large diamond stars ornamented the front of the dress, and a jewelled silver fringe encircled the waist

H.R.H. the Duke of York, our sailor prince, impersonated his namesake George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, one of those delightful, daring Elizabethan adventurers who divided his time between winning triumphs as the Queen's champion in the lists at home and seeking to sweep the Spaniards from the seas abroad. The gallant courtier's costume was of crimson and gray, with a steel gorget damascened with gold, and a glove fixed with a diamond clasp to the front of his hat in memory of the one Queen Bess drew from her royal hand to bestow upon "her knight," as she was pleased to call him.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught looked every inch a soldier in his steel cuirasses and gray doublet and hose, while the Duchess, in her robe of havana velvet with its rose-coloured facings and white embroidered petticoat; with her *fleur-de-lis*, her rare lace and her pearls, pourtrayed the far-famed Anne of Austria, whose name has since become familiar from the many versions of the intrepid "Musketeers."



The Duke of Connaught appeared, as a French soldier of the 17th century, in steel cuirasses and gray doublet and hose.

The Duchess of Connaught impersonated the beautiful and famous Anne of Austria.

Prince Charles of Denmark wore black and purple as a courtier of his native land; the late Prince Alfred of Coburg was there in masque and coat of mail as Robert of Normandy; and the Duke of Fife was resplendent in a royal blue velvet Elizabethan costume.

Space does not permit of a description of the brilliant and beautiful dresses worn by the distinguished hostess and her other guests.

Supper was served in a temporary room erected for the purpose, containing twelve round tables each accommodating twelve guests, and the central point of the abundant floral decoration was a tall palm on every table, from whose branches hung vari-coloured lanterns lighted by electricity.

The details of this triumph of entertaining have been brought so recently before the public that it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this

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sumptuous revival of the glories of bye-gone courts and the many and multifarious attractions of those days when every-day dress possessed the richness of colour, the variety, and the picturesque charm of a Fancy Dress Ball.

When will the next great fancy dress ball take place? It is difficult to say, such entertainments being fewer and farther between than in the early and middle years of Her Gracious Majesty's reign. The reason for this is far to seek, for to-day no one raises a foolish puritanical outcry against affairs of this nature, which give, rather, unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction to everybody in all classes of society. The great omnipotent middle-class look on with an approving smile; and the gentler sex, not only of the middle-class but of the highest-class and the humblest, revel in those inspired descriptions of dress with which all the newspapers abound—treasure them up (surely, this is no exaggeration), and read and re-read them—Heaven knows how often!—in their spare time. Indeed, I am quite convinced, and have had much chance of observing, that to outsiders a greater pleasure accrues from magnificent entertainments of this nature than to those themselves who take part in the entertainments. They say that the realisation of a dream is never so sweet as the dream itself, and all the girls who dream themselves in resplendent costumes and dancing with royalty and aristocracy enjoy, I dare wager, the imaginary revels quite as intensely as those who took part in the reality.

The Duke and Duchess of York as the Elizabethan Earl and Countess of Cumberland.

How the Princesses Maud and Victoria and Prince Charles of Denmark appeared at the great Ball.

Think, moreover, of the more material satisfaction that a fancy dress ball of this description gives. It is a red-letter day for tradesmen of all kinds when they hear the welcome announcement that a fancy dress ball is to be held, and the satisfaction is shared by their humblest employées. For our princes and princesses—the same cannot be said of our aristocracy—are thoroughly patriotic even in such details as the making of their clothes. English tradesmen get the orders; and that means no small gain, when costumes such as those which are displayed in the accompanying photographs are to be made.

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MATED BY A PAWN

By A. E. Manning Foster.

When a man is about to entertain a very charming girl whom he is anxious to impress and suddenly finds that, with the exception of a few coppers, he has no money in his pocket, he may surely be forgiven the use of a few strong ejaculations.

Such was the plight of Everard Hamlyn at ten minutes to one on a certain Saturday afternoon. He had been so absorbed in reading the brief of an important case which was to be heard in the Courts on Monday that he had forgotten the emptiness of his pockets. At one o'clock Alice Valentine, an American girl with whom he had formed a deep friendship, was coming to see what a barrister's chambers in the Temple looked like, and she was also to be taken out to lunch.

The worst was that there were only ten minutes to rectify the mistake. He wrote out a cheque hurriedly, and then remembered that time would not permit him to go to the bank to cash it. His clerk was gone and the Temple was wrapped in its usual Saturday afternoon peacefulness.

Without a hat he rushed over to Harcourt Buildings to see if his friend Anderson was in his chambers. He could rely upon him for a couple of pounds.

But the fates were against Hamlyn. Anderson was out, and the doors were locked.

Realising that there was nothing for it but to go to the bank, he hurried along up the court into Fleet Street, meaning to hail a hansom. But as he arrived there the clock struck one, and he knew that he could not get to the Bank and back under twenty minutes. Alice would never forgive him if he were not at his rooms to receive her.

Suddenly his eye was caught by the three brass balls hanging over a shop almost opposite. The sight suggested a new idea to his mind, and he promptly acted upon it. In another moment he rushed across the road, and entering the shop handed his eighty-guinea hunter over the counter.

"How much?" said the clerk, eyeing the hatless and breathless Hamlyn somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh, I only want a fiver," replied Everard hurriedly.

"Have you got a card on you?" asked the clerk, thinking he was on the track of a swell mobsman.

Unversed in the ways of pawnbrokers, Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"All right, sir," said the clerk, seeing the name and address, and noticing it corresponded with the initials on the watch. "I beg your pardon, sir," and he hastily filled up a ticket and counted out five pounds. "Have you a penny for the ticket, please?"

Hamlyn impatiently threw down a copper and fairly bolted out of the shop. The people in Fleet-street stared at him with amazement, and a gutter arab with whom he had collided shouted "Who are yer shovin' of?" as he crossed the road.

Now it happened that Alice Valentine was just at that moment passing down Fleet Street on her way to the Temple She had arrived somewhat earlier than she had intended, for she upheld the traditions of womanhood with regard to unpunctuality.

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Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"It would never do," she said to herself, "to be quite punctual. He would think I was too impatient."

So, timing herself to arrive in the Temple about a quarter-past one, she was strolling leisurely along when she caught sight of Hamlyn rushing wildly out of a pawnbroker's shop. For a moment the ludicrous side of the situation struck her very forcibly, and she laughed softly to herself. But gradually, as she realised the full significance of the action, her amusement gave place to pity.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "I had not the faintest idea he was hard up. And to think that I have let him spend such a lot of money in taking me about. I must get even with him somehow."

There was a very tender spot in her heart for the tall clever young barrister who had shown so plainly his preference for her above all other women. Alice Valentine and her aunt Miss Safford were making a tour of Europe, and had met Hamlyn first of all at an hotel in Geneva. He had rendered them a number of civilities, and as he happened to be doing the same round of Switzerland as they, for a month he was their almost daily companion. With the frankness of American women, they accepted his attentions graciously, and, finding him a pleasant attendant, enrolled him in their service without further ado.

At parting he had given them his card and promised them a good time when they arrived in London, and during the fortnight they had already passed he had certainly redeemed his promise. Almost every day he arranged some festivity for them. He had introduced them to his friends, and there had been a constant round of theatre-going, dinners and sight-seeing.

Miss Safford generally accompanied Alice wherever she went, and showed quite as much an eagerness to "do" every place thoroughly as her niece. It was only on rare occasions when the elder lady was obliged to admit that she was "too tired for anything," that Hamlyn had a chance of taking Miss Valentine out alone.

The constant companionship, however, had brought about the usual result. Hamlyn was not an inflammable man. He had reached the mature age of thirty—not unsought after—without having succumbed to feminine charms. But there was something about the fair American which fascinated him in spite of himself. Her evident delight in everything she saw and did, her frankness of speech and absence of coquetry rendered her a delightful companion, and from the realisation that the days he spent with her were among the pleasantest in his life gradually grew the knowledge that she was becoming indispensable to his happiness.

To-day, as she came into his room, a perfect vision of freshness and loveliness in the gloomy atmosphere of the Temple, Hamlyn was conscious of a certain shyness and reserve in her manner that he had not noticed before.

"I don't believe I ought to come here by myself," she said when he had closed the door. "I wonder what Aunt Catherine would say to it."

"You are late," said Hamlyn. "I have been waiting impatiently for you."

"Am I really?" replied Alice. "What is the time, then?"

He pulled at his watch chain mechanically, forgetful of his escapade, and disclosed the bare swivel. He coloured slightly as he realised his mistake, and felt her eyes upon him, but answered lightly:

"About twenty minutes past one, I fancy."

She was walking round the room glancing at the ponderous-looking books and the papers tied with pink tape, getting, as she

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expressed it, the "atmosphere" of the place.

"It must be just lovely to work here," she said. "Everything seems so old and historic. I believe I should only have to sit here a few hours a day and I should become a lawyer by breathing the air."

"Which reminds me," said Hamlyn, "that I have been breathing air quite long enough and want lunch. Where shall we go?"

Alice Valentine hesitated.

"Look here," she said at last, "I want to say something to you. You have been taking me about such a lot and I have done nothing for you. I feel real mean. I want you to let me stand you a lunch to-day."

He shook his head laughingly. "You forget," he said, "that you are my guest; but I want you to say where you would like to go."

He named a well-known restaurant in Piccadilly, where she knew the prices were ruinous.

"No," she said, "don't let us go there. Will you take me to one of those little Bohemian places you told me of where you get a *table d'hôte* lunch for eighteenpence. I should love to go. It would be a new experience."

"You look far too smart," he replied, glancing at her admiringly, "but I tell you what I will do. We will split the difference and go to a kind of semi-fashionable place where you shall see all sorts and conditions of people and hear a band."

Once or twice during lunch, when conversation flagged, Hamlyn noticed again the thoughtful expression on her face. At last he took the matter up.

"Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking of?"

"I was thinking," she replied slowly, "of how I could help someone who has been very good to me."

"Not a difficult matter, surely — for you?"

"It is very difficult," she said, "under the circumstances. The person I want to help is poor and, I think, very proud."

She was looking down at the tablecloth and studiously avoiding his eyes.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he said.

"You — why —" she laughed. "Yes, perhaps you can. I will think about it and let you know."

There was a new sympathy in her voice and manner, and Hamlyn felt a mad desire to take her there and then in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was no opportunity then to tell her of his love. Immediately after lunch they were obliged to hurry off to meet Miss Safford at a *matinée*, and Hamlyn had no further chance of a *tête-a-tête* with Alice, but he arranged satisfactorily a meeting for Monday afternoon, when he determined to put his fate to the test.

"You will not forget," he said at parting, "to let me help you in the matter you mentioned?"

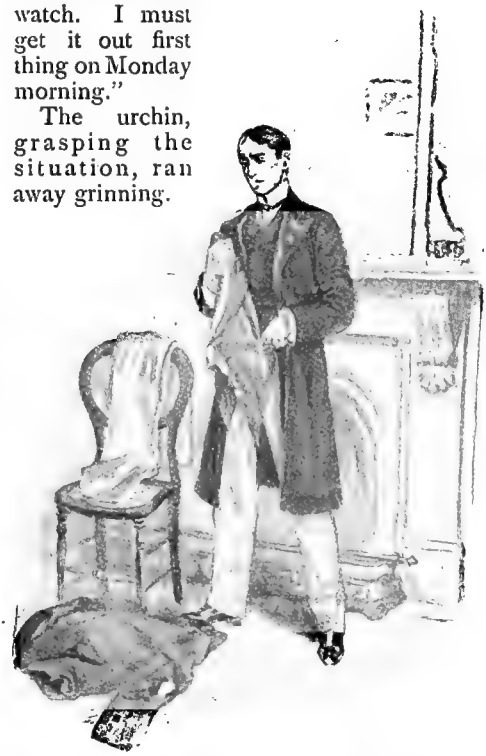
"No," she replied, with a singular look on her face. "I will not forget."

As Everard walked home he recalled her tones, her face, the fair, flushed cheeks, sweet mouth, earnest brows, and eyes of softest fire. There was that in her look which satisfied him.

He was awakened from his reverie by an urchin inquiring what o'clock it was. For the second time that day he mechanically tugged at his watch-chain.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, as he realised his loss. "I never knew that it was such a nuisance to be without a watch. I must get it out first thing on Monday morning."

The urchin, grasping the situation, ran away grinning.



He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket: it was not there.

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On Sunday Hamlyn again bethought himself of the watch.

"I had better study the ticket," he said, "and see what I shall have to pay."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket; it was not there. He tried the others with the same result. With growing uneasiness he searched in every pocket of the clothes he had worn on the Saturday, but the pawn-ticket was not to be found.

"I must have left it at my chambers," he decided at last. "It is very careless of me. I hope my clerk won't find it."

On Monday morning he got up earlier than usual and drove down to the Temple in a hansom. His clerk had already arrived. Hamlyn searched all over the table carefully, then in all the drawers, but could not find the ticket. Finally he summoned the clerk.

"Have you moved any papers?" he asked rather irritably.

"No, sir. I haven't touched a thing."

"You haven't by any chance found a ticket I suppose?" pursued Hamlyn.

"No, sir. What kind of ticket have you lost?"

"It doesn't matter," he returned impatiently. "It's of no importance."

"They have been so rude and insulting," she gasped.

Putting on his hat, Hamlyn hurried into Fleet Street to the pawn-shop.

"I want to redeem the watch I left here on Saturday," he announced.

"Where is your ticket, sir?" said the man.

"I have mislaid it," replied Hamlyn, "but it's all right. You remember me, I expect. The watch belongs to me and I want it now."

"I am very sorry, sir, but you can't have it without the ticket."

Hamlyn muttered an exclamation of impatience.

"But suppose I have lost it, what then?"

"I will give you a form of declaration to be made before a magistrate."

"Is there no other way?" said Hamlyn, realising the trouble and annoyance this would cause.

"No, sir," said the pawnbroker, "I am afraid there is not."

There was no time to waste. He had to be in Court early as his case was amongst the first in the lists. It was no use stopping to argue the matter. He must go before a magistrate and sign the declaration as soon as possible. Returning to his chambers, he put on his robes and was soon lost in contemplation of the business in hand.

About an hour after his visit to the pawnbroker's shop, Alice Valentine drove up in a cab to the same door. She had found the pawnticket lying on Hamlyn's table on the Saturday afternoon, and had appropriated it, meaning to redeem the watch and send it back to him as soon as possible. She was rather nervous at going into the shop, but she was not the kind of girl to allow her own feelings to stand in the way of any project she wished to carry through; so, putting on an air of unusual haughtiness, she entered the little compartment and handed in the ticket.

"I want this watch, please," she said.

The pawnbroker's assistant looked her up and down carefully. When he had, as it were, sized her up completely, he inquired drily, "Where did you get this?"

Alice flared up indignantly. "That is no business of yours. Tell me what I have to pay and give me the watch."

"Not so fast," said the young man, "you must answer one or two questions first."

He went away and, after a whispered con-

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fabulation, returned with a grey-headed old man, who was polite but firm.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot allow you to redeem this pledge until you inform me how this ticket came into your possession."

"I found it," said Alice.

"Allow me to inform you then," said the pawnbroker sternly, "that you are committing a very grave offence. By attempting to obtain the watch you lay yourself open to criminal proceedings."

"But," said Alice, "I am a friend of the gentleman to whom the watch belongs."

"Come, come," replied the man, "that won't do at all. A gentleman who called himself Mr. Hamlyn was here about an hour ago endeavouring to get the watch himself."

"Mr. Hamlyn been here this morning!" cried Alice. She had never suspected that he would be able to redeem his watch so soon.

"Better send for a policeman," suggested the assistant.

"Hold your tongue," said his master. Then, turning to Alice Valentine, he said, "I do not wish to be hard upon you but I insist on an explanation. I will send over to the address on the ticket and if your story is true, Mr. Hamlyn will corroborate it. Harvey, send the boy over to Queen's Bench Walk and ask Mr. Hamlyn to come here immediately."

"Mr. Hamlyn coming here," cried Alice unguardedly. "Oh, I must go at once."

"I cannot allow it," said the pawnbroker. "You must wait. If you refuse I have no option but to call a policeman."

If looks could kill the pawnbroker would have died on the spot as Alice, with the air of a tragedy queen, submitted to the indignity of being escorted to the back-parlour, while Harvey kept watch and ward over her.

A quarter-of-an-hour later Everard Hamlyn jumped out of a hansom and hurried into the shop. He was an impetuous person, and he had not waited to change his robes, but had come straight away in wig and gown from the Law Courts. He was met in the passage by Harvey, who had been awaiting his arrival with keen interest.

"There's a woman in here," he said, pointing to the parlour, "who says she's a friend of yours, and has found your pawn-ticket, but I suspect——"

"Out of the way," cried Hamlyn, thrusting the officious young man on one side and rushing into the room.

"Alice, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed; and then seeing that her bosom was heaving convulsively, he put his arm around her and inquired tenderly what had happened.

He took out the watch and held it before her eyes.

"They have been so rude and insulting," she sobbed.

Hamlyn waited for no further explanation, but seizing Harvey by the throat, he shook him until the unfortunate youth had not a breath in his body. Then, turning to the older man, he cried sternly: "What do you mean by insulting this lady?"

The pawnbroker, discovering his mistake, was all apologies, but Hamlyn's temper was still up.

Nothing could justify rudeness to a lady, he said, and he insisted on an abject apology from the crestfallen assistant.

Then he took Alice back to his rooms in the Temple. When they were alone, he put his arm around her, and said impulsively:

"Oh, my darling, how sweet of you to try to get my watch back for me. Did you do it because you care? Tell me, darling—I love you!"

"It was very silly of me, I know," she said softly and shyly, "but I thought you were poor and—oh, I wanted to help you."

"I am not poor," he said smilingly, "at least, not very poor. I have a thousand a year, and we might manage on that."

"It would not have mattered," she whispered, "if you had been a poor man."

He took out the watch and held it before her eyes.

"I shall never look at it," he said, "without thinking that I won you through it."

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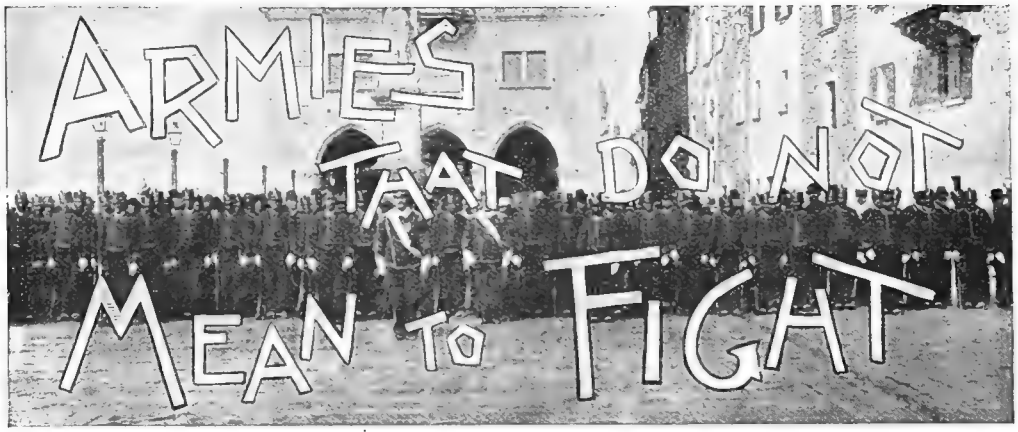

The Army of San Marino Drawn up on the Public Square.

By Herbert Vivian.

Probably half the recruits in half the armies of the world are reconciled to their career by the prospect of strutting about in a gay uniform and winning the admiration of the other sex. Compare the ordinary yokel or bar-loafer with the same individual arrayed in all his martial glory, and you need not wonder that nursemaids bid pennies against one another for the soldier's companionship.

If enlisting did not involve the risk of being shot, probably nine-tenths of us would become candidates for the Queen's shilling. Look at the popularity of the Volunteers! No doubt in the event of a foreign invasion, they would have to come to the front, and everyone is agreed that they would do their duty there most gallantly.

But the possibility of our navy permitting an invasion seems so incredible that even the most peaceable do not hesitate to join a corps. It is only by superior attractions in the matter of pay, uniform and prestige, that our regular army can hold its own. Imagine then what the competition must be to join a regular army which has none of the hardships or dangers of warfare in prospect.

Such armies are to be found in various neutralised countries, which are guaranteed by the Powers against foreign invasion, and in a few diminutive states, which have so far survived the universal mania for centralisation. It might be imagined that, once the inviolability of the territory had been secured, a police force would be found sufficient to maintain order, but where an army has once existed, it is difficult to disband it without irritating many interests and disappointing many aspirations. Moreover, the dignity of a Sovereign requires that he should be attended by a military guard, and some small Sovereigns rate their dignity very high.

Perhaps the strangest fact connected with this subject of non-combatant armies is that the Swiss republic, with its notoriously simple tastes, and a president, who, so far from seeking to ape the monarch, is scarcely even known by name outside his country, should maintain one of the largest European forces in proportion to its size.

While some 7 per cent. of the French, and some 6 per cent. of the German population, would be available in the event of a war, Switzerland claims to be able to put no less than one-sixth of her whole people into the field; and one-third of her budget goes to military expenditure, a proportion almost equal to that in the German Empire, and considerably greater than that in France. And this in spite of the fact that the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland and the perpetual inviolability of her territory were guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1815.

No doubt in case of a great European war, a general might have small regard for treaties and international guarantees, but such a remote contingency scarcely warrants so much expenditure of time and money on the part of a frugal people.

The Swiss have, however, been fighters all through their history, and even though they are unlikely to have to cross swords with a foreigner again, they cannot resist the joy of military parade from time to time. They came most near to a real brush with an enemy during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when there seemed quite a chance of

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their territory being violated by one or other of the belligerents. It was an anxious time; the Swiss reserves were hastily called out and massed upon the frontiers, where they tasted all the excitement of campaigning without exposing a limb.

The curious thing is that this little country, with the largest proportional army in Europe, has a fundamental law forbidding the maintenance of a standing army within its borders. I do not understand how this has been got over, but there seems some kind of quibble about there being no federal army, only a collection of cantonal contingents, each under the local authority of its district.

Belgian Grenadiers and Carabiniers.

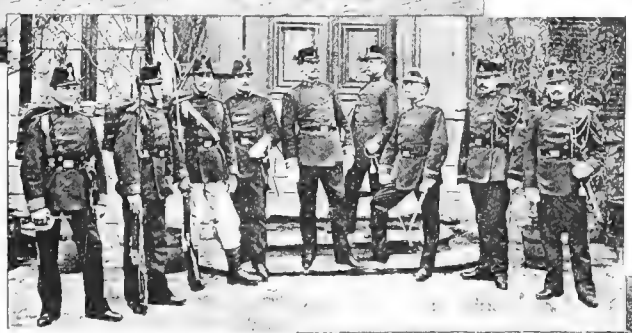
In any case every Switzer, on attaining the age of twenty, is liable to military service unless he chooses to obtain exemption by paying a special tax. He is called out for a certain number of days' drill every year, until he is 32, and then passes into the various classes of the reserve.

If the Swiss army is debarred from fighting, a Swiss subject may still remember that great martial glories have been won by his countrymen all through history in the service of foreigners. So long as heroism is revered by man, the gallantry of Louis XVI.'s Swiss guards, who died in a hopeless struggle at the post of duty, must always excite the deepest enthusiasm. Visitors to Lucerne will recall the beautiful lion, which has been carved there as their monument.

Nowadays, however, the Swiss seem to have ceased to seek service as mercenaries, and the only living memory of their prowess is to be found in the corps of Swiss Guards, which the Papacy maintains as the last remnant of her old troops. But few, if any, of them are now natives of Switzerland, and their name is to-day their only link with the past.

Membership of this guard is eagerly coveted by zealous Roman Catholics all over the world, and the corps is recruited from among the noble families of every country.

Every visitor to the Vatican will be familiar with their quaint mediæval uniform. At the battles with Garibaldi the Papal soldiers, inspired by their religious zeal, fought with unexampled bravery, but nowadays the Holy See is dispirited, and inclined to place its confidence in diplomacy rather than in



Types of the Army of Luxemburg.

Another specimen of the Army of King Leopold.

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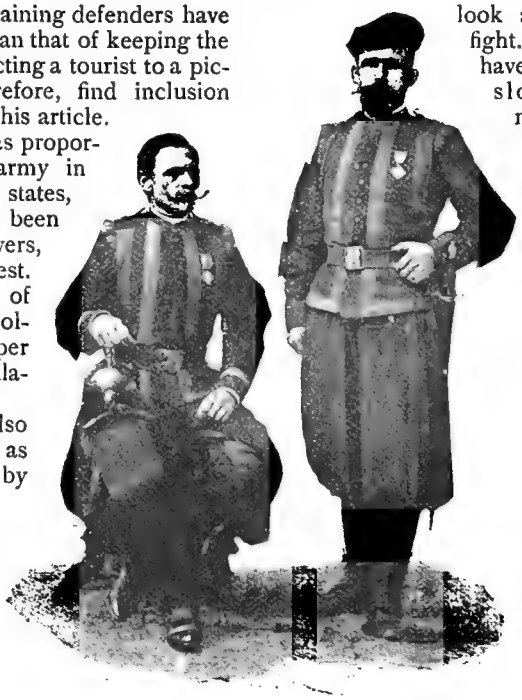
force, so that its last remaining defenders have few tasks more active than that of keeping the sentinel's watch, or directing a tourist to a picture. They may, therefore, find inclusion under the category of this article.

While Switzerland has proportionately the largest army in Europe, the two other states, whose neutrality has been guaranteed by the Powers, have probably the smallest. Belgium can only boast of some 50,000 regular soldiers, or roughly, ¾ per cent. of the whole population.

There is, however, also a Civil Guard, nearly as numerous, organised by the local authorities—an unfortunate arrangement, as party feeling runs high in Belgium, and the two forces generally contrive to take different sides. I have been told by Belgians that whenever any of the Civil Guard are sent out to keep the populace in order, it is found necessary to despatch an equal number of regulars to overawe the Civil Guards.



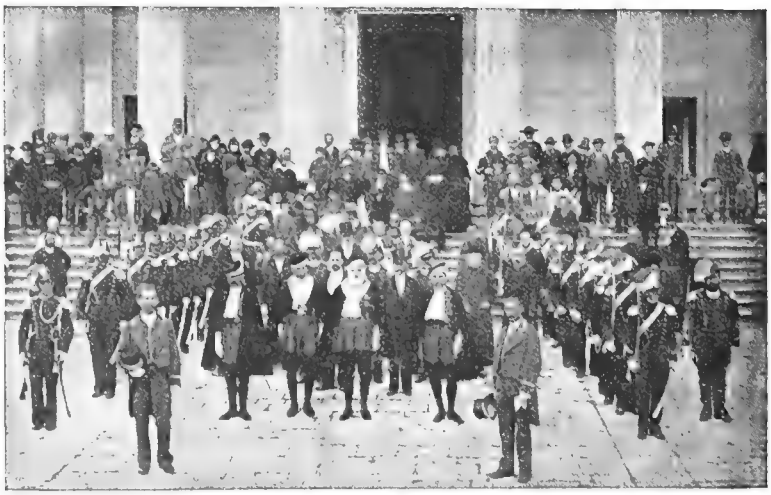
The Pope's Swiss Guards.

The latter certainly have strange notions of discipline, for I have seen bodies of them parading the streets of Brussels arm in arm, wearing their uniforms and yelling political songs, while a corporal strode in front beating time.

Every able-bodied Belgian is liable to conscription when he reaches the age of twenty, but he is allowed to provide a substitute, and as he has by no means a martial temperament, the recruiting falls far short of its due proportions.

Belgian soldiers certainly do not look as if they meant to fight. I hardly think I have ever seen a more slouching, slovenly, miserable-looking set of men in uniform in any part of the world. The officers, if anything, lack smartness even more than the men, and often present a truly laughable appearance. I noticed that the Belgian army possesses a very elaborate ambulance, and, as no fighting is anticipated, I presume that this is a precaution lest any of the officers should happen to trip up over their swords. I was reminded of the habit of French sportsmen, who make a point of taking out surgeons and litters—almost even trained nurses—to pick up the pieces when they go a-hunting.

With the best will in the world it is impossible not to feel impatient when we see Belgians playing at soldiers. Those who have had anything to do with them in Africa cherish the worst possible impression of



The Captains Regent of San Marino, with their Guard of Officers.

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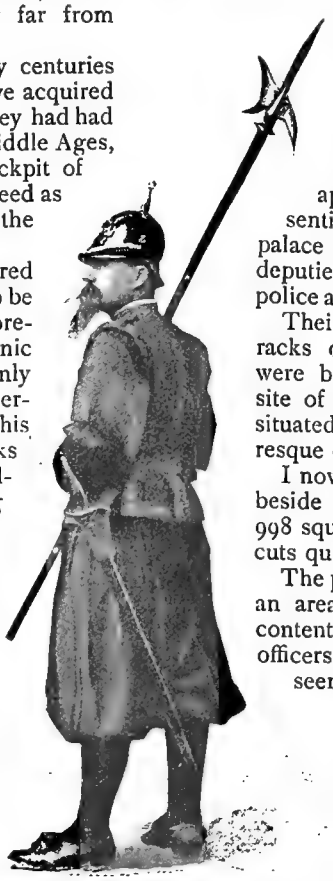
A Parade of the San Marino Militia.

them, and the Belgian lion, with his tail between his legs, stands out as an appropriate monument upon the field of Waterloo, where the Belgian troops came so very far from distinguishing themselves.

It is strange that after so many centuries of fighting, Belgians should not have acquired the rudiments of warfare, but as they had had more than their due share in the Middle Ages, it was perhaps fitting that the "cockpit of Europe," should at least be guaranteed as neutral territory by the Powers at the Treaty of London in 1831.

Another Treaty of London declared the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg to be neutral territory in 1867. It had previously formed part of the Germanic Confederation and would certainly have been swallowed up in the German Empire of 1871, but for this guarantee. As it is, Germany looks regretfully upon it and would welcome an opportunity of annexing it. The old Prussian barracks may still be seen there, but they have now been turned to the peaceful use of a manufacture of corsets.

Before the Treaty of London ordered the destruction of the fortifications, the town of Luxemburg was one of the finest natural strongholds in Europe, and even now, with its denuded battlements, it looks as if it could hold its own against many besiegers, standing sheer over precipices on all sides, and surrounded by the rivers which form an imposing moat.



A Trooper of the Papal Guard.

The Grand Duke's army is of modest but not unpleasing aspect. Nominally it numbers some 500 men, but in reality there are only about 200. They wear a sober uniform, do their drills regularly, and present a fairly smart appearance. They provide sentinels for their sovereign's palace and the small chamber of deputies, and the greater part of the police are recruited from their ranks.

Their quarters are at the Barracks of the Holy Ghost, which were built by Louis XIV. on the site of an old monastery, and are situated at one of the most picturesque corners of this lovely rock.

I now come to the dwarf states, beside which Luxemburg, with its 998 square miles and 211,000 souls, cuts quite a respectable figure.

The principality of Monaco, with an area of eight square miles, is content with a standing army of five officers and seventy men. They seem to have a very easy time of it, and, when not required to take their turns as sentinels at the Prince's palace, spend most of their time lounging about the fragrant gardens belonging to the gambling establishment.

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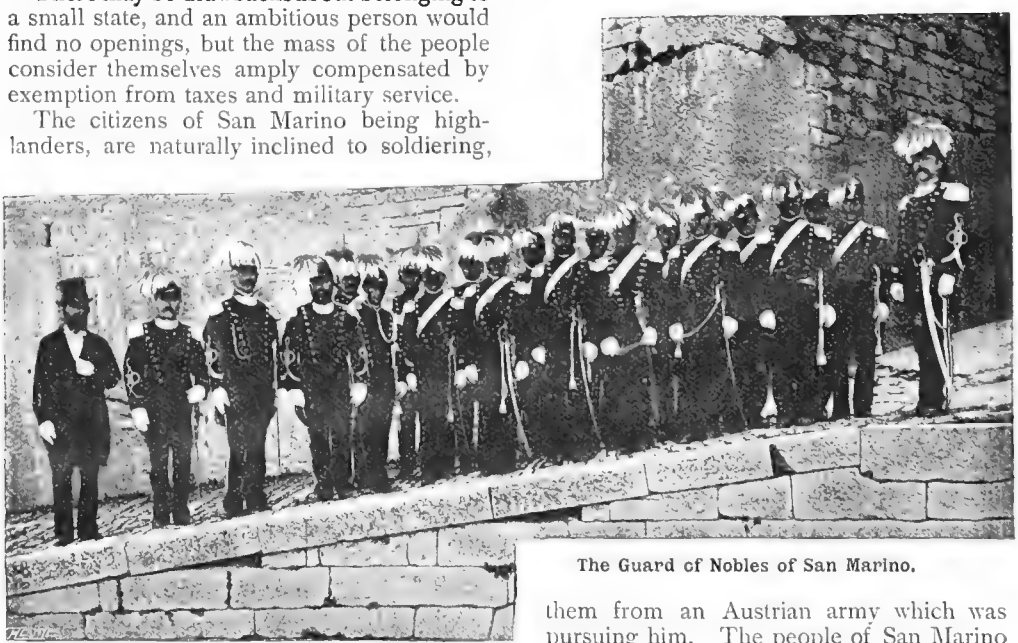
On rare occasions, such as the name-day of the Prince, they come out in force for a parade, and from time to time they may be discerned playing at drill with the useless old cannon, which decorate the time-worn battlements. More fortunate than the soldiers of many countries I could name, they can count upon receiving their pay regularly, thanks to the generosity of the Casino, which defrays practically all the expenses of the little state. As there is no conscription in Monaco, the privilege of its citizenship is eagerly coveted by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring military states, and stringent precautions have to be taken against its being improperly obtained.

There may be drawbacks about belonging to a small state, and an ambitious person would find no openings, but the mass of the people consider themselves amply compensated by exemption from taxes and military service.

The citizens of San Marino being highlanders, are naturally inclined to soldiering,



The Guard of Nobles of San Marino.

and have had their full share of it during the Middle Ages. Their independence seems to have been maintained more by good luck and a certain shrewd diplomacy. How, alone among the numerous statelets of the peninsula, this tiny republic escaped being absorbed into United Italy has never been made clear, and when I stayed there I could find no one to enlighten me.

It may have been due partly to a sympathy with Garibaldi, and partly to its name of a republic, though it is only a republic in the old aristocratic sense, and by no means a democracy.

Italy concluded a treaty with San Marino in 1872, and promised her protection, but this lapsed in 1895, and there is nothing now to prevent annexation if an Italian Government should one day have a mind to complete the work of unity.

In the Middle Ages the rock of San Marino must have been almost impregnable, but it could not hold out against modern methods of assault, and it is unlikely that the little army would make any attempt at resistance.

The soldiers have, however, quite a martial aspect, and evidently know that they are very fine fellows indeed. All have a smart appearance, and the officers in particular are very proud of their uniforms. The last time they had to show their teeth was in the sixties, when Garibaldi sought refuge among them from an Austrian army which was pursuing him. The people of San Marino did not wish to receive him, as such a breach of their neutrality was likely to bring down the wrath of the Austrians.

However, they entertained the outlaw for as short a time as they could, and afterwards managed to pacify the Austrian commander. Now they profess to be proud of the episode and have put up a commemorative tablet over the house where Garibaldi slept.

When Italy declared war against Austria, San Marino declared war, too, as a mark of sympathy. This was forgotten when Italy concluded peace, and we are now confronted by the curious fact that, legally, San Marino is still at war with Austria.

As, however, neither can reach the other without passing through the territory of a

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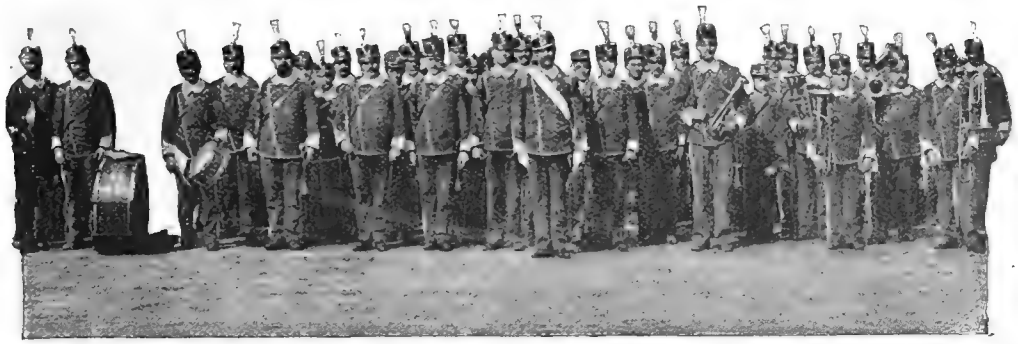

The Military Band of San Marino.

neutral, there is no great fear of immediate bloodshed.

Very similar to this redoubtable little Republic is the semi-independent state of Andorra, in the Pyrenees. I have called Andorra a semi-independent state, and such it is, being under the suzerainty of France and the Bishop of Urgal. It is not, however, on its history that our main interest in this Liliputian state is centred, but on its army—an army that will never have cause to draw its sword. This gallant little force of militia, a force of 600 mountaineers, would certainly, did the contingency arise, fight for their land to the last man. They are commanded by two generals, one chosen by the Bishop of Urgal, the other by the government of France. In addition to commanding the troops, one of the chief offices of these generals is the administration of criminal justice, and decisions are not delivered in accordance with any written law, but solely on the responsibility of these officers. This sounds very French; but luckily for the people of Andorra, Merciers and Rogets seem to be a special monopoly of the suzerain power.

In a case of dire necessity—and it requires a mind of no mean imaginative power to realise so remote a contingency—in such a case the whole male population—to say nothing of the ladies, who are celebrated for their stalwart exteriors — is capable of engaging an enemy. Wonderful to relate, all the citizens have been trained in the gentle art of self-defence; they can shoot fairly accurately, and have been initiated into the mysteries of sabre manipulation. When the great battle of Andorra comes to be fought, they will, without a doubt, give an excellent account of themselves, and show the enemy what heroic deeds an Andorran citizen can do in defence of his Republic.

Finally we have the only really reasonable state in Europe, the little principality of Liechtenstein. I went there from the Lake of Constance, expecting to find that the sturdy Highlanders had not been able to resist the usual martial make-believe. But not only was there not a single regiment, but the Prince, who has spent most of his reign at Vienna, does not even allow himself a body-guard for his rare visits. For one thing, he knows it would be quite unnecessary, for his generosity has made him exceedingly popular among the villagers.

The principality is independent, and, being under the friendly protection of Austria, enjoys all the security of its great neighbour, without the burden of conscription, and almost without that of taxation.

The Famous Lion of Lucerne.

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THE P. and O. steamship *Australia* churned her way through the Red Sea, and every frequenter of the smoking room had long ago agreed that Major Clendon was a rattling good story teller.

"Boys, the limit's reached," he cried, throwing down his cards. "Learn wisdom from a fool—never more than five-and-twenty in one evening. I've lost that, and I guess I'll sign off."

"Stake your diamond pin, Major; that's worth another night's losses."

"I just reckon it is," he answered, his fingers caressing the stone in his loose silk tie; "but I wouldn't sell it for five hundred. It was a present from a remarkably clever little woman, remarkably clever. Whew! isn't it hot? Come on deck, and I'll spin the yarn. She was the cleverest little woman who ever trod shoe-leather," he continued, as we settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs. "Even tricked *me*," and we marvelled as much as the temperature would permit—for it was a new idea to think that the Major ever could have been tricked—placidly puffed our cigars, and waited.

"Look here, Ashton, my boy, when a young, popular, and fascinating comic opera star loses her diamonds, how do you account for it?"

"Advertisement," Ashton replied, in a tone that implored someone to ask him something just a trifle more difficult.

"Exactly—advertisement. Two years ago or thereabouts I came to the same conclusion. You remember Miss Stella Deane—made an enormous success in 'The Parisian Belle.' Charming woman, lovely voice, perfect figure, and the face of a goddess. London went mad over her; simply raving, tearing mad. At a bound she reached the acme of woman's glory. Soap manufacturers begged on their knees for testimonials that 'she used no other,' while perfumers were almost driven to distraction through indulging in wild dreams of the fortune that must pour into their coffers, if she would only say that she preferred their triple extract of this or that, to any other scent in Bond Street. Everything was named after her—bonnets, bows, shoes, parasols. She had reached the pinnacle of feminine glory, but what did the silly little woman do?"

"Got married," someone suggested from behind the smoke of a big cigar.

Major Clendon drank off a four-finger tot before answering his own question, and then, in a solemn whisper, continued, "Lost her diamonds. This woman, who was right there, on the tip-top, played that old fossilised wheeze, and announced in the papers that she had been robbed. Brougham run into by a fire escape, or something of that sort. I forget the details. Hey, presto, gone! thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and two thousand pounds reward."

Everyone breathed an appreciative sigh: the yarn promised to be interesting.

"I rented a flat in those days in Shaftesbury Avenue, and she was staying in the same Mansions."

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"The long arm of coincidence is upon us," the youth with the cigarette ejaculated.

"I at once thought as Mr. Ashton does," the Major imperturbably continued, "that it was a ridiculous advertisement; but at the same time it appeared to me that if she had not lost them, and yet I regained them for her, it would be a couple of thousand easily earned. If she had not lost them, I could not be accused of stealing them. Equally, if I handed them back to her, it could not be said that I had obtained money under false pretences, because she had never lost them, and need not unless she chose, pay me a reward for recovering what had not been missed. You see the deal was square. Well, thinking as I did—I at once took steps to recover what, in my opinion, was not lost, and—I—er—searched the lady's flat."

There were two long drawn sighs. Two men, if it had been anywhere else but the Red Sea, where it was too hot to raise arguments, would have ventured an opinion.

"Couldn't find them anywhere, and I almost began to think that, perhaps, they had been stolen after all. In fact, quite candidly, I was in considerable doubt, until I saw in the evening papers that the police had a clue, and that satisfied me that they hadn't. Then the idea struck me that, perhaps, I had better call and see Miss Deane herself. It seemed more straightforward.

"I tell you frankly, boys, I never met a more charming woman in my life. Had I not known that she was trying to deceive us all, I should have called her bewitching."

We all sighed, a sympathetic symphony. It was a very hot night.

The bag was filled with the usual feminine odds and ends.

"I informed her that I had the honour to reside under the same roof, and even more, the honour to have been born in the same country. She was from the States, you know. I added that I was a bit of a crank in the detective line, had my own theories and my own little methods, and I had determined to recover the diamonds for her.

"And she agreed, Major?"

"Well, yes. In the most musical voice in the world, she asked: 'Because we are from the States, Major, or for the two thousand pounds?'"

"She was cute."

"She was from the States, dear boy. Well, we settled that I should trace the stones if I could, and she should pay me if I succeeded. And, my gracious! the way her eyes sparkled with merriment when we made the compact. I felt like taking her into my arms right away, and dancing through the world, straight into heaven. Well, next morning I went to her flat again, found the diamonds, and—"

"Here, half a minute, Major, let's follow it a bit. Don't rush along, we're in no hurry, it's only just gone five bells."

"But it isn't the point of the story, old chap."

"Maybe not, but we would like to know how you—well, to use your own delicate expression—*found* the diamonds."

"Well, it's quite simple. Miss Deane always carried about with her a green Russian leather hand-bag, and while she was engaged with her maid, I indulged in the liberty of taking it in my hand."

"Ah! found it heavy, and the diamonds were discovered," Ashton superciliously interjected.

"The next man who interrupts my story, I'll fine him drinks round," the Major announced emphatically. "The bag was not

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heavy, and the diamonds were not found, because, as I have explained so often, they were never lost. The bag was filled with the usual feminine odds and ends one would expect to find in it—purse, powder-puff, and fifty-and-one other things, but in the inside pocket was the key of a small safe. That safe I had noticed on my first and unannounced visit, was in the bedroom, and therefore the jewels which were never lost, were securely under lock and key. Well, I obtained the key of the safe—"

"Major, you've been already requested not to slur over the quintessence of your reminiscence. Don't be bashful, how did you get the key?"

"I didn't get it at all. I simply noticed the name of the maker of the safe stamped upon the key, and that was sufficient. For a few days I made a point of calling at Miss Dean's flat, when I knew she was at the theatre, and awaiting her return, told her of mysterious clues that I had discovered, until I became a frequent, an acknowledged, and, I am proud to say, a welcome visitor. Then one afternoon I looked in upon the makers of the safe, and, informing them that the keys had been lost, made an appointment for the same evening for one of their men to call and attempt to open it at nine o'clock sharp."

"Well, I call that sheer robbery," Ashton jerked out, and we waited an explosion.

It was a very hot night, and the Major merely broke the pause that followed by asking languidly, "Of what—her diamonds? Why, they had been stolen already."

"But—"

"There's no but—you can't steal from a woman what she hasn't got."

"But she had got them."

"Of course she had, but I didn't steal them. They were in her room when first I called upon her, and still there when I said good-bye for the last time. Well, the skilled mechanic from the safe people called and asked for Major Clendon, and I was naturally on the spot. He had a score or so of master keys with him that perhaps might fit, if not, the safe must be forced. One did fit, and he at my request left it with me until duplicates could be made. Just as I expected, the diamonds were there, nice and snug in their velvet nests, and after I had seen him out, I placed the cases in my pocket, relocked the safe, and sent a telegram to Miss Deane at the theatre, telling her that her diamonds had been recovered, that I had them, and was awaiting her return.

"Well, you can guess the lady didn't waste time after the show was over, and you can guess too that she arrived in a state of delicious perplexity. When a girl pretends she's lost her diamonds, having them all the time locked up in a modern safe, and then gets a wire saying that someone has recovered them for her, it's calculated to make her just a little curious as to how things are going to turn out.

"It was a chilly evening, and when she entered the room dressed in about the finest furs to be bought in London, her face aglow, her lips all smiles, and her eyes dancing with excitement; why hang it all, I felt inclined to give her back her diamonds, and go down on my knees for forgiveness."

We all sighed and blew a cloud of smoke. The mental vision of the Major on his knees was too affecting.

"But you were not so weak, Major?"

"No, I resisted the temptation, helped her to remove her sables, drew a comfortable chair up to the fire for her, took one opposite myself, and was lost in the contemplation of the daintiest little shoe in the world, perched upon the edge of the fender."

"'Major,' she cried with a laugh, 'I believe you're getting a joke on me.'

"'My dear Miss Deane!' I expostulated.

"'I don't believe you've the faintest clue to my diamonds, and you've simply coaxed me home early because you had no one to talk to.'

"'It's very ungallant to have to admit it, but that is not the truth. I know where your diamonds are.'

"'Indeed,' she cried with a tinge of annoyance in her voice, 'where?'

"'In my pocket.'

"She sat back and laughed, a quiet laugh of enjoyment, the laugh one indulges in when one has the cream of a joke all to oneself: and I had to laugh too, because hang it all, it *was* amusing."

"'I traced them,' I continued, 'got them from the person who had stolen them, and here they are.'

"I placed the cases upon a little table by her side, and opened them, and she, with a cry of astonishment, gazed at the stones for a moment, and then laughed until I thought she'd never stop.

"'Major,' she cried, 'if you're not very careful you'll get yourself into trouble. You've gone and threatened someone into handing diamonds over to you, but, you dear silly man, they're not mine. Take them back, now do. Fancy if they caught you, and put you into a nasty yellow suit with

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"I don't believe you've the faintest clue to my diamonds," she said.

broad arrows upon it; why, I should die of shame when I called on visiting days.'"

"Keen sense of humour that little girl had," someone muttered approvingly.

"Rather prophetic, too, bless her! What did you do, Major?"

"I said, 'My dear Miss Deane, I may be dense, but I'll be hanged if I know what you're laughing at.'

"'Why, you silly fellow,' she answered, 'I have not lost my diamonds at all. It was only done for advertisement. They're locked up in my safe. I'll show them to you.'

"With another ripple of laughter, she flitted into the adjoining room, and then I caught a light cry of amazement, and she stood looking at me from the doorway.

"'My diamonds have been stolen,' she exclaimed, walking towards me.

"'So I have always understood.'

"'They were stolen to-day—to-night.'

"'Then your newspaper paragraphs were a bit previous, eh!' I ventured to suggest. 'What a mercy it is I have been able to regain them for you.'

"'And if I refuse to pay you, what then?'

"'You cannot refuse to pay a reward you deliberately offered. That the diamonds were stolen since does not affect the question, for you gave me the commission to recover them for you. The pretty little advertisement trick, I fancy, you would rather was never mentioned."

"She walked quietly to an escritoire in the corner of the room, and took out her cheque book. 'Two thousand, is it not?'

"I nodded, and she rapidly wrote a cheque and passed it to me.

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"'The diamonds are yours,' I said, and took up my hat.

"'Sit down,' she cried, a smile breaking through the seriousness that had overspread her features as she wrote the cheque. 'Business is over, and we don't allow business to interfere with pleasure. Just let me see if my balance is sufficient. You wouldn't care for my cheque to be dishonoured, would you, Major? The idea is a bit too homœopathic, isn't it?'"

"By the holy saints," second officer Riley ejaculated, "she'd got a gifted tongue."

"'She was a gifted woman altogether,' the Major responded with boundless admiration. 'Five hundred and thirty-five pounds two and sixpence,' she added, consulting her passbook.

"'In addition to the two thousand,' I suggested.

"'No, that's the whole balance,' she answered, with a pathetic sigh. I'm afraid I'm terribly extravagant. I've just paid two hundred guineas for my furs.'"

Six men stopped puffing at their cigars, and the youth with the cigarette nearly swallowed it in his surprise. Then a chuckle ran round, and someone murmured, "It's great."

"Have it mounted for my sake," she said sweetly.

"'Yes,' she repeated, 'I know I'm terribly extravagant, but you shall not suffer, Major.'

"She lifted the diamonds from their velvet cases, two necklaces, three or four stars, and half a dozen rings, and placed them in my hands.

"'Take them, Major,' she said demurely, 'take them for your trouble. They're only paste.'"

The chuckle spread to a grin, the grin into a roar, and the group of seven, for the Major seemed to enjoy the joke also, laughed until everyone was compelled to mop his face and gasp for breath.

It was a very hot night.

"'You silly man,' she cried, smiling again, 'you thought you were so smart. You discovered the story of the robbery was only a harmless, necessary advertisement, but it did not dawn upon you that I could scarcely afford to sink thirty thousand pounds, even if I could ever have earned such a sum, in unproductive jewels. Put them in your pocket—I expect they'll realise about fifty pounds—and say good-night.'

"She walked towards the door and

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I followed her, holding the jewels in my hand.

"'Goodnight, Major, to-morrow I shall be telling the funniest story of the year, and I'm indebted to you for it. Fancy all your trouble for nothing,' and her eyes sparkled and danced like the diamonds themselves.

"'Don't laugh at a fellow,' I said meekly.

"'No, he mustn't be laughed at,' she cried.

"'Good-night.'

"'Take them,' I pleaded, holding them out to her.

"'Not for worlds," she protested. 'You must have some reward for your trouble. Oh dear! I can see you walking all over London trying to get a proper price for them.'

"'Oh! don't be so heartless,' I retorted, smiling in spite of myself. 'Now be a good girl—stop laughing, and take them back. As a favour to me.'

"'Well, I think if I do, I must really send a paragraph to the papers to-morrow, saying Major Clendon has presented Miss Stella Deane with a new thirty thousand guineas set of brilliants.'

'Oh, don't chaff, you little terror! Say good-night.'

"She took the jewels from me, and flung them upon the table, shook my hand, and then, still laughing, caught up one of the necklaces, and twisted the smallest stone off with the fastening.

"'Have it mounted for my sake,' she said sweetly, 'just as a souvenir; wear paste as I do, Major. Good-night,' and she shut the door behind me. She was the cleverest woman who ever walked."

"I quite agree with you, Major, she was," said one of the listeners, rising and throwing the end of his cigar over the side.

We all followed his example, for it was getting late.

"Good-night, Major, I'm glad she did you."

"Good-night, Major.—— Good-night, old chap."

"Good-night, old fellow."

"I say, boys," the Major remarked quietly, "don't you want to hear the end of the yarn?"

"What! is there more?"

"Just a trifle, you may as well hear it; it gives a finishing touch."

"Right you are. Go on."

"I did have the diamond mounted, and I'm wearing it now."

"Well, we guessed that, of course."

"Yes, I honour the lady's whim, and wear it as a souvenir," the Major reflectively continued, "It's a brilliant of the first water, and worth thirty pounds."

"What? Then the others were——"

"All genuine, my boy, every one of them, and worth thirty thousand pounds, every penny of it. She spoofed me dead. Good-night, boys."

HAND IN HAND.

Life is full of joy and gladness,
As we wander by the stream;
Hand in hand, together, darling,
In a golden, happy dream.
Nought we know of pain or sorrow,
All for us the sun doth shine.
Thus would I for ever wander,
With your little hand in mine!

But the time will come, my darling,
When the clouds will gather fast,
For the golden sun of springtime,
Will not thus for ever last.
But the darkest cloud will brighten
With a glist'ning, silver line,
If we wander, still, together,
With your little hand in mine!

May the close of life's December
Find us still, dear, hand in hand,
When we cross the dark, swift river,
Flowing to the Better Land.
Through that higher life in Heaven,
With a love yet more divine:
There, perchance, we still may wander,
With your little hand in mine!

Constance M. Low.

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The Maharajah's magnificent palace, built in European style, and worth a King's ransom, was wrecked almost beyond repair.

By G. E. Williams.

THE UPHEAVAL OF A MOMENT.

During my sojourn in India—some sixteen or seventeen years—I have experienced as large a share of earthquakes as most people who have lived in the tropics. Some of these upheavals have been tolerably severe, others slight, and one, at least, so disastrous and terrifying that the memory of it will remain with me until my dying day. I allude, of course, to the great earthquake of 1897.

It had been one of those sweltering days that no one who has not lived in India can possibly imagine—a day when the lightest costume seems an intolerable weight, and the air you draw suffocating, and like fire in the lungs. At about five in the afternoon, when most people were sitting down to afternoon tea, the earthquake suddenly began, and all was over in less than five minutes. But what a five minutes! They are the most alarming I have ever gone through. Very many of my readers have been in a storm at sea, and the sensation, never over pleasant, is somewhat similar to that of an earthquake, though infinitely less horrible, be the storm never so violent. I could hardly keep on my legs, and the deadly feeling of nausea that came over me is an experience I shall never forget, and hope never to go through again.

Perhaps even worse was the awful din that accompanied the shocks. It beggars all description. The loudest clap of thunder would be a mere whisper in comparison. It sounded, for all the world, as though whole mountains were rolling down, or all the powder magazines in the world exploding simultaneously.

People, as I have said, were just sitting down to afternoon tea or dressing to go out, and, in spite of my terror, I remember well laughing—somewhat hysterically perhaps—at all the good folk that hurried with scared faces out into the open—gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, ladies in their petticoats. As for the natives, they were terrified out of their senses, and rushed hither and thither like madmen, praying and screaming. Birds flew about screeching in wild excitement, dogs barked, horses tried their level best to kick the stables to pieces, and my elephant's trumpetings were simply deafening. In fact, it was a regular pandemonium.

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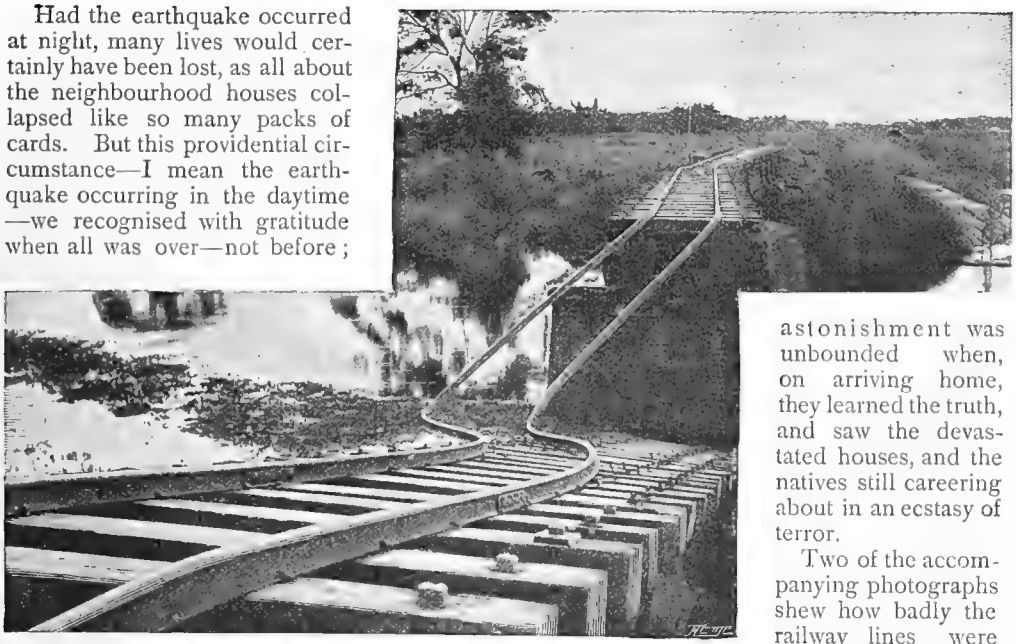
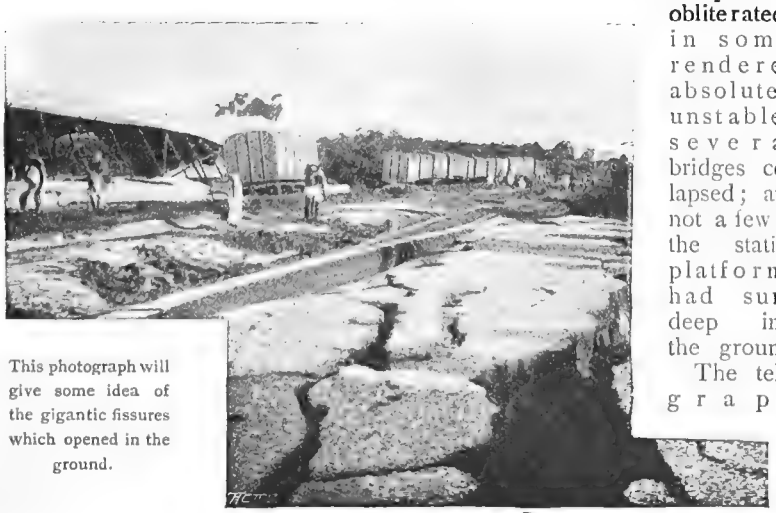
Had the earthquake occurred at night, many lives would certainly have been lost, as all about the neighbourhood houses collapsed like so many packs of cards. But this providential circumstance—I mean the earthquake occurring in the daytime—we recognised with gratitude when all was over—not before; the experience, while it lasted, seemed well-nigh as bad as it could be.



Here is an example of the fearful damage done to the Bengal State Railway.

One strange incident I remember hearing of some time after. Two friends of mine had gone out for a ride that same afternoon (energetic men—in such heat!), and happened to be on horseback at the time of the earthquake. Wonderful to relate, they had not the faintest suspicion of the convulsions over which they were riding! True, they noticed that their horses rolled and stumbled; but imagining that the animals were tired and faint after the sweltering heat of the day, pulled them into a trot, by which time the shocks had subsided. The appalling din they believed to be claps of thunder, for during the earthquake there was a slight thunderstorm; and their astonishment was unbounded when, on arriving home, they learned the truth, and saw the devastated houses, and the natives still careering about in an ecstasy of terror.

Two of the accompanying photographs shew how badly the railway lines were damaged. These were taken on a portion of the line on the northern section of the Bengal State Railway, some sixty miles south of the Silijuri Railway Station—an important terminus, being the station at which you change for Darjeeling. As can easily be imagined, the traffic was stopped for several days, and it was more than a month before the lines were in a fit state to bear the weight of heavy goods trains. Indeed, the annexed photographs give but a faint idea of the vast damage done. In many places the line was completely obliterated; in some, rendered absolutely unstable; several bridges collapsed; and not a few of the station platforms had sunk deep into the ground.



This photograph will give some idea of the gigantic fissures which opened in the ground.

The telegraph

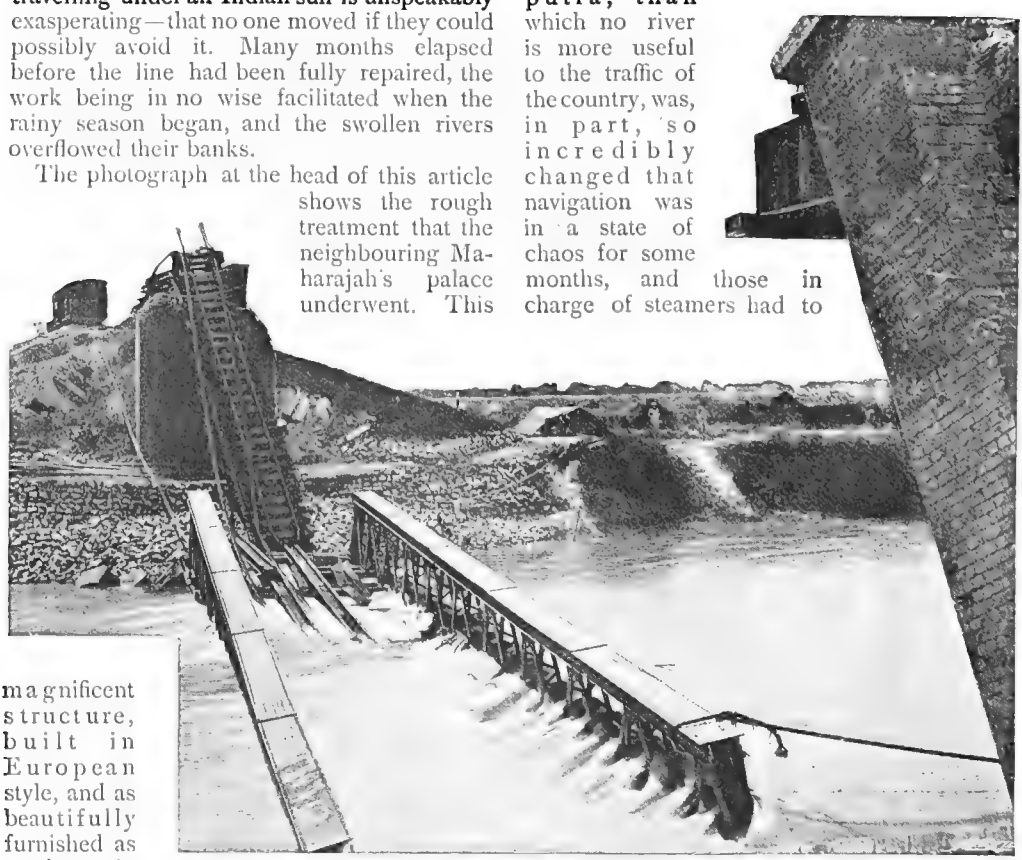
Google

service had, of course, been stopped, and for many days we were completely shut off from the world. As a natural consequence, all manner of wild and dreadful rumours came flying about—one that Calcutta had been utterly destroyed; another that Burmah had wholly disappeared off the face of the globe. It speaks very well for the management of the railway service, that in little more than seven days people were once more able to travel, though, to be sure, at such an exasperatingly slow rate—and slow travelling under an Indian sun is unspeakably exasperating—that no one moved if they could possibly avoid it. Many months elapsed before the line had been fully repaired, the work being in no wise facilitated when the rainy season began, and the swollen rivers overflowed their banks.

The photograph at the head of this article shows the rough treatment that the neighbouring Maharajah's palace underwent. This magnificent structure, built in European style, and as beautifully furnished as any house in Belgrave Square or Park Lane, cost thousands to erect; and everybody, English and native, was very sorry when they heard of the Maharajah's loss, he being the most popular man in the neighbourhood, and an ardent sportsman.

In many places the earthquake made deep cracks in the roads, and out of these sand and water were often flung into the air to the height of twenty feet. One of the accompanying photographs will give the reader a good idea of these cracks. Personally, I had not the opportunity of witnessing one of these upheavals; nor, indeed, do I greatly deplore having missed such an experience; but those who were present at the time assure me that the sight is one of the most terrifying imaginable.

After the earthquake many places in the country were altered quite beyond recognition. Great landslips had changed the course of rivers, and even the deep and wide Brahmaputra, than which no river is more useful to the traffic of the country, was, in part, so incredibly changed that navigation was in a state of chaos for some months, and those in charge of steamers had to be very careful when steering over unknown depths.



This splendid iron bridge, which cost thousands to build, collapsed in a moment, and as a consequence railway traffic was stopped for more than a month.

For many months after, the earthquake shocks were felt, some fairly severe, others slight, none very comfortable or very reassuring after our recent shaking. And now, as I am reading the proof pages of this article, news comes of another terrible earthquake in the Darjeeling district.

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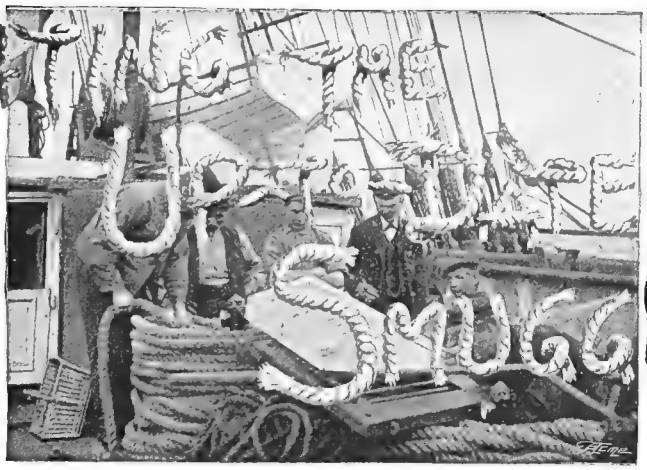
FIGHTING THE SMUGGLER



Photos taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., with the special permission of Her Majesty's Board of Customs.

By Arthur Goodrich.

The aspects of man vary according to the standpoint from which he is regarded. He has been variously described as a clothing, a collecting, a gambling, a bargaining, a killing, and a cooking animal to the satisfaction of the various definers.

In the eyes of the Custom's authorities, man, and for the matter of that woman also, is a smuggler, a hardened, irreclaimable, artful smuggler, only deterred from defrauding the Revenue by a wholesome fear of the pains and penalties attaching thereto.

Is this estimate a just one?

Butler has placed on record his belief that "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat."

Had the philosopher lived in these days, the spectacle of a Custom's officer searching a vessel for contraband might have led him to modify this axiom, but his general opinion of humanity would probably have remained the same. In all ages and all climes, the desire to overreach one's neighbour, or, as we call it, getting the best of a bargain, is universal.

When we read of the sturdy young Yorkshireman whose love for his father was so great, that on one occasion he risked his life to save that of his parent, yet could not withstand the temptation a little later of trying to jockey him in a horse transaction, all we can do is to admit that the human race finds the delights of deceit are too great to be resisted.

If Dame Nature has not done her work badly, how comes it that one of the greatest of all intellectual enjoyments seems to be that which is derived from the practice of deception? Just as the boy revels in despoiling the orchard, and the swain prizes the kisses most, which are stolen, so the smoker loves the tobacco which has not paid duty—that is, when he can get it, which is not often.

Not long since, in pursuit of material for this article, I journeyed to the mouth of the Thames, and accompanied a party of Customs officers on board a newly-arrived vessel.

Presently, I noticed an officer gazing intently at one of the crew.

The man, a Briton with a truculent expression, seldom to be seen on the faces of the apathetic foreign sailor, assumed a bold, defiant gaze, as much as to say, "You are wrong, my fine fellow; in me you behold an honest man."

But the officer, with the knowledge born of experience, was of a different opinion, and his nimble fingers soon brought to light so many packets that I began to think I was witnessing a conjuring exhibition.

Now, does any one suppose that this misguided salt was endeavouring to defraud Her Majesty's Customs for the sake of saving a few pence?

It seems inconceivable.

He had run the risk because the human mind craves for excitement, and it must surely be a trying moment when the lynx-eyed officer, having asked whether you have anything about you which you ought to declare, you reply "No," knowing all the while that you have.

Evolution has, of course, been at work with the species. In the last century, when the two hundred odd different articles of merchandise necessitated the Customs maintaining over a thousand officers at Gravesend alone, the smuggler was a bold dashing fellow,

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worthy of being ranked with buccaneers, corsairs, filibusters, contrabandists, and the like. He was as full of resource and as fond of the petticoats as the hero of a melodrama. His belt bristled with pistols, and his keen-edged sword was ever ready to be drawn on a preventive officer.

When a ship comes into the Thames the rigging is searched for contraband—

And the furled sails have to be carefully examined—

As the only articles left worth smuggling are tobacco and spirits and scent—for tea and coffee, independent of the lowness of the duty, are too bulky—the old-fashioned smuggler has vanished. Still, as no less than 14,000 vessels from foreign parts and 49,000 coasters pass up the Thames yearly, the revenue officers have to exercise an almost superhuman vigilance to prevent the revenue being defrauded.

The work, too, is much more difficult than of yore, for the number of natural hiding places in modern vessels is so large that the odds, especially as the smuggler has plenty of time to hide his contraband and the officers only an hour or two to find it, would appear greatly against the searchers. Fortunately this is not so. The officers have not only their accumulated experience to help them, but, in addition, the work so develops a kind of bloodhound instinct that, with the aid of the plain clothes detectives who patrol the reaches of the river between London Bridge and the Nore, it may be safely averred that little, if any, contraband escapes seizure.

The methods pursued in searching vessels vary. During a couple of days' "rummaging" (as searching is called), in company with some Customs officers, I noticed that the big ocean steamers were not subject to the same sort of searching as the smaller vessels hailing from the tobacco ports of the Continent.

Although ocean-going steamers are literally crammed with nooks and crannies, the temptation to smuggle when a vessel only visits a port, say, once in three months, is small. But there is another reason why very little smuggling is done on board big vessels, and why, when it is, detection is almost certain. The smuggler must keep his own counsel, or the contraband would be raided by his mates; and he must also select a hiding-place within the limits of his watch and daily work.

How greatly a knowledge of this facilitates the work of the Customs I

For it is no uncommon thing for an attempt to be made to conceal dutiable articles in such curious places.

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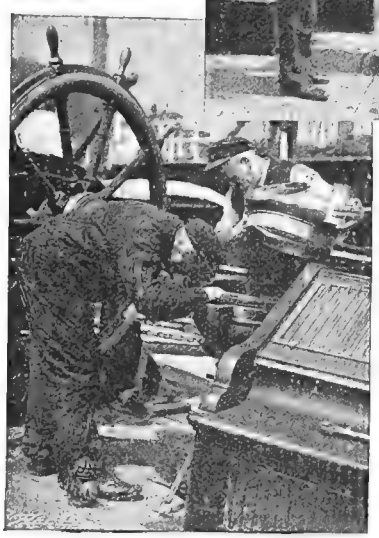
saw, when something in the appearance of one of the engine-room hands of a big steamer having attracted the suspicions of the officer, he declared his intention of searching the stoke-hole. This was the third vessel we had boarded, and as some rummaging I had done on the other two had generated quite a liking for the work, I hastily encased my hands in improvised gloves of cotton waste, and darted below in pursuit of the searching party.

The heat was intense, but a violent blow on the head soon cooled my enthusiasm.

The fender is invariably prodded.

The great aim of naval architects being to pack the engines in as small a space as possible, no one with a figure inclining to central expansion should seek to penetrate a stoke-hole. I got so confused with "lower your head a little," "now lean to the right," "bend your back," "screw up a bit smaller," "now crouch a little," "mind your head against that steam pipe," "be careful about the next step, for it's missing," that when I arrived at the bottom, I felt that the whispered comment of one of the officers, "'e don't know where 'e are," was literally true.



Such unlikely places as the binnacle may conceal illicit stores.

By the time I had mended a little, I had got so convinced that I was not a born rummager, that when the officer declared his intention of turning over the coal, of which there must have been quite ten tons, I fled. After this I lost my way, and when at last I did regain the open air, I looked so grimy, greasy, and forlorn that the officer on deck laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Ten tons of coal want a bit of turning over, but the sleuth-hounds below were on a hot scent, presently they found the bag they were looking for, and passed it up through the stoke-hole.

The smuggler of the past is

Occasionally tobacco is found stored in the toes of long sea-boots

spoken of in the Service as being of the rough and ready sort. His descendant of to-day is much more wily.

"Oh, so you are on this vessel, are you?" says one of our party, to a pleasant looking seaman. "Just cast your eye over the fenders, Jem."

Thereupon an officer thrusts a long bodkin into the middle of a fender, as if it were a cheese, withdraws the instrument and smells it.

Passengers' luggage is searched on board, but cargo, as a rule, is not examined till landed.

The ordinary girder does not seem to be quite an ideal hiding place. Still, girders specially prepared for the reception of contraband are not unknown.

One of the most daring attempts to smuggle tobacco ended in the confiscation of no less than five tons. The contraband was packed in two large marine boilers, which were landed at Newcastle. The authorities, who were in possession of private information, decided on allowing the boilers to be sent on to London, in order to catch the thieves red-handed. Through a mistake, however, in a telegram, one of the boilers was got away from King's Cross without the authorities being aware of it; but, unluckily for the conspirators, its weight broke down the trolley conveying it

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away, so the detectives were able to get on its track.

In the end the smugglers were fined £4824, which, not being prepared to pay, they went to prison. The boilers turned out to be dummies, made of very thin plates, but so splendidly put together that they would have deceived the finest expert.

Captures like this are rare; but tobacco is frequently found in casks and cases.

A favourite dodge is to cover a big pot filled with contraband with a lining of grease.

A pie dish was utilised on one occasion.

An officer came across a pie. The crust presented such an inviting appearance, that he laughingly remarked he should like to taste it. The pallor which overspread the cook's face, not escaping the attention of the human bloodhound, the crust was raised. Tableau.

The rapidity with which a party of Custom House officers will search a vessel is astonishing.

They have to do the work thoroughly, for, as they say, "till we have been everywhere, it is impossible to say there is no contraband on board."

One of the vessels we boarded contained no less than six convicted smugglers. Rudder trunk, binnacles, pillars, sails, rigging, and numerous other places were soon searched, one officer pursuing his investigation to the end of the bowsprit. Even the air-tight tanks of the lifeboats were not overlooked.

The examination of the bulwarks occupies much time and trouble.

Some might think the bases of the funnels would escape the Custom officers.

A favourite dodge of one of these erring ones was to suspend bags behind the matchwood lining of the cabins. Foolish man! A stiff piece of wire, when handled by a rummager, always brings these packages to light. The wainscot, however, yielded nothing this time. But, still undaunted, the officers went steadily on; two casks of potatoes were turned out. Tiles in the lavatory were removed, the inside of a piano in the chief cabin was peered into, and the planking outside the entrance of the forecastle raised. This, although once a favourite hiding-place, is seldom resorted to now; still, officers when rummaging, always closely scrutinise the planking. A piece of the deck removed, and replaced by a thin layer, will hide a dozen pounds of tobacco.

While this was going on I conversed with some of the evil-doers. I cannot say that they impressed me unfavourably. Indeed, even the revenue officers admit that as a rule smugglers are good sailors. One said to me:

"When I wor a few years younger I allays smuggled if circumstances favoured.

"Years ago, when officers were not as gimblet-eyed as they are now, I used to get a lot of stuff through. It wor work as paid, for the duty on tobacco is five times its value. You buy a few pounds of tobacco at one shilling a pound, and you sell it at three shillings a pound; and a hundred cigars you give three shillings for, you can get rid of for twelve shillings easy.

"It's wonderful how fond people are of smuggled tobacco. Why, years ago I had a regular lot of customers I supplied.

"One old gentleman, who knew when the vessel was due, would come ten miles to buy a couple of pounds. He would almost weep for joy if I sold him any. He used to tremble like a leaf when he said, 'Have you got any, Jack?'"

"And how did you spend the money?" I asked.

"Easy comes, easy goes, was the motter in my day, and as anything made was spent on the spree in

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This energetic officer is not daunted by a ship-load of baskets.

Amsterdam or Rotterdam, the wives and kids being never no better off, I determined at last to chuck it, and I wish I had made up my mind sooner, for I got bowled out at the finish, and all my sticks were collared to pay the fine."

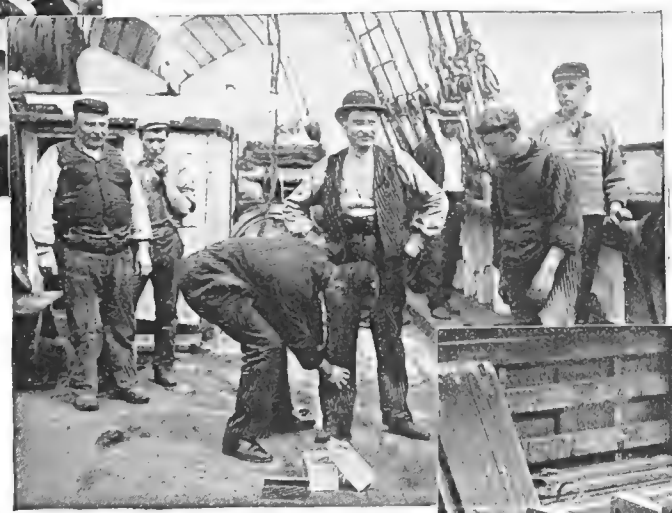
In the present age of ostentation a sailor is much more likely to defraud the revenue in order, say, to pay for his daughter being taught the piano than for any amount of spreeing in Amsterdam.

Having said that the best sailors are frequently born smugglers, the reader will not be surprised to hear that the Britisher is the worst of them all. Jack is not only as daring as he is artful in the devising of what is known as mechanical contrivance, but the look of extreme rectitude, flavoured with injured innocence, he can assume on occasion, stamps him as an actor of no mean pretensions.

The Dutchman makes a good, or rather, a bad smuggler. He is phlegmatic, stolid, cool, and he loves to do the Britisher. The Belgians come next, then the Germans, and a long way behind, Norwegians and Fins. Surely, the Fins must be one of the most peaceful and amiable people in the world! The language of a British salt, whilst being overhauled, recalls the English Army in Flanders; but a crew of Fins I saw searched endured the indignity with such smiling indifference that I could scarcely believe that they hotly resented the abrogation of their constitution by the Czar.

Whatever the defects of the French may be, their sailors do not smuggle. When they do they find the penetrating gaze of our Customs' officers so disconcerting that they generally own up. But for this disqualification, the natural ingenuity of the race would render them difficult to cope with.

To hide tobacco under the cargo, and so arrange the unloading that the officers would not be on board at the finish was the idea of one French skipper. But he had to do with trained physiognomists; one of these read him like a book; so the poor man was surprised in the very act of stowing the contraband on the persons of his crew after the hold had been cleared. The revenue officers told off to look after passengers are so distinguished in appearance and courtly in manner that, till you note their keen eyes roving around, you might take them for naval officers of high rank in undress uniform. But for all their suavity, the terror they inspire is great. Owners of portmanteaus containing cigars are apt to become so frightened when the officers board, that they frequently decamp



Of course, the examination of the seamen is carried out most stringently.

It is a ticklish job to search amongst the engines and machinery of a steamer.

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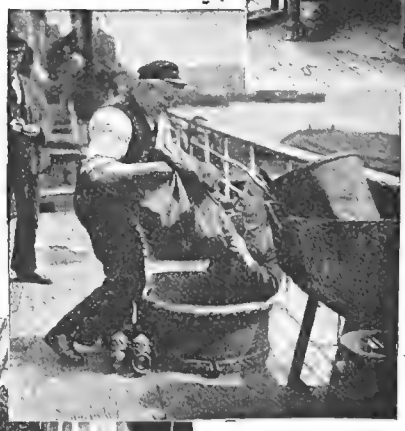
before their traps are searched, thus losing not only their cigars but their luggage as well.

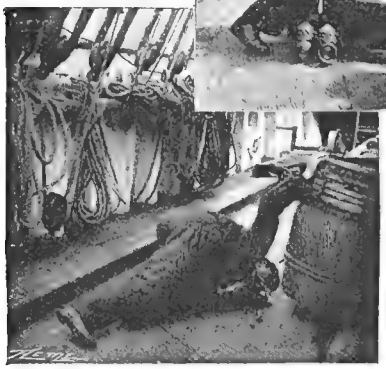
As a rule, gentlemen smuggle but little. They also strongly disapprove of their wives doing so, frequently, however, to no purpose.

It is a melancholy fact, and one we should never cease to deplore, that woman, lovely woman, is frequently the unhappy possessor of a perfectly incurable passion for smuggling.

"Have I anything about me which I ought to declare? The idea of such a thing! How dare you?"

Any receptacle may be used by smugglers.





Old sacks are of course emptied.

Even old tubs escape not the vigilant eyes of the officials.

Anyone gazing that moment at the lady's form would never dream of attributing the expansion to contraband. Surely the damask cheek, crimsoning to the true Tyrian hue, the marble brow clouded with thunder, and the starry eyes flashing lightnings, betoken a swelling due to just and righteous indignation.

The officer—cool, polite, and penetrative—knows better.

I heard of one instance in which the husband, a nervous man, implored his wife before sailing not to hide anything, as it was certain she would be discovered. To humour her spouse she promised, but all the same concealed on her person goods liable to duty to the value of £200.

On arriving in the Thames, the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched, she would probably reproach him for spoiling a good chance of doing the Crown, so as soon as the officers came on board, he whispered to one: "If you will send a female searcher to that lady there, I think goods will be found on her she ought to declare."

When he was told a few minutes later that a smart capture had been effected, that the lady would have to go to prison, and that half the reward would go to himself, he collapsed.

A short time since, some would-be smugglers, believing that there was still a duty on plate, went to the trouble of thickly painting a number of candelabras with a green compound which, on drying, assumed the appearance of bronze; but when it was pointed out that they might have saved themselves the trouble they looked terribly crestfallen.

In the Continental ports it is possible to buy, for smuggling purposes, tobacco so compressed that 18lb. can be concealed about the person without attracting attention.

To keep the illicit traffic alive 18oz. is served to the pound.

Reverting to the histrionic qualities of the British smuggler, an officer noting the presence of a convicted smuggler amongst the crew, will naturally scan the others. They may have been corrupted, you know.

"Well, I've got a bit here," one will say, pulling out a couple of pounds wound round his ankle.

The assumption of contrite repentance is splendidly rendered, but quite lost on the well-trained officer, who probably finds double the quantity on the other leg.

The life of a Custom House officer is not exactly a bed of roses. The jurisdiction of the department extends from Reculvers to Teddington Lock.

It may be thought that it would be possible at the mouth of the river to elude the vigilance

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of the Customs. Attempts are sometimes made, but generally fail. An officer sweeping the expanse of waters with his powerful glass. sees a boat putting off to a vessel just arrived. In an instant a racing launch, always on the look-out, gives chase, and before even a bag can be dropped into the boat the officers are alongside. Even if the launch is not available, there are the patrols on the bank ready to overhaul anything and everything that comes in their way.

During my stay at Gravesend I went on board the Customs launch reserved for quarantine work. The moment a vessel arrives at Gravesend she is boarded by the Customs officer and her bill of health examined. If there is any infectious disease on board, the vessel is sent to the quarantine ground below Gravesend and allowed no communication with shore till all fear of infection is over, patients being taken off and sent to the fever hospital. To go into quarantine, of course, means such loss and delay that some captains will resort to any subterfuge to get their vessels through. Customs never relax their vigilance, but this year, owing to the excessive heat and the prevalence of plague abroad, the officers found the summer months very trying.

"What vessel?" we sang out as we ran alongside an arrival.

"The *Water Witch*, from Singapore."

"Any sickness on board?"

"None."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

The ingenuous air with which the mariner from Singapore answered these questions would have deceived any landsman. No deception here, I thought, as I noted the fearless eyes and the bluff, outspoken address. A nice vessel, too. Yes, but to the trained eyes at my side there were too many signs of wind and tide about her, as if she had been buffeted about unnecessarily by the waves. This means that she has been very short-handed, so preparations are made to board. "Come along," said the doctor, noticing that I hung back. I murmured something about not wishing to plague him with my society, smiled feebly and retreated as far as the launch would permit. If I go on board, I reflected, I may not live to write this article, so I stayed where I was, but I kept my ears open. Having boarded the newcomer, the officer in charge of the party read out a list of printed questions, all more or less of a highly disconcerting nature. Long before this ordeal was over the man's hardihood had become so lessened that, as soon as the oath was administered, he blurted out that he had been short-handed throughout the voyage. One of the crew had died of consumption.

"You are quite sure it was only one?"

Well, now he came to think of it, two of 'em had pegged out.

"What from?"

"Consumption."

"You are sure it was consumption?"

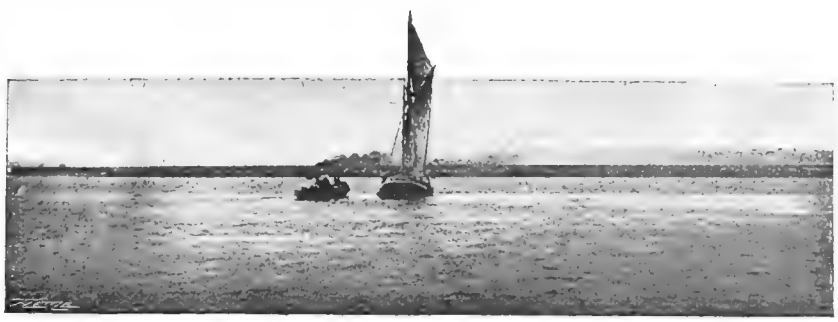
"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"They wasted away awful."

The look of incredulity with which this statement was received, and the significant manner in which he was reminded that he was on his oath, was too much for this worthy salt, and he made a clean breast of it. Four of his crew had died in the Indian Ocean, whether from plague or cholera he did not know. In piteous accents he assured the doctor that the vessel was now as sweet as a garden pea, but without avail. The vessel was not allowed to proceed.

During the afternoon I visited no less than four vessels. What I saw convinced me that, if any infectious disease ever finds its way into this country, it will not travel *vid* the Thames.



Custom Officers boarding a Lugger.

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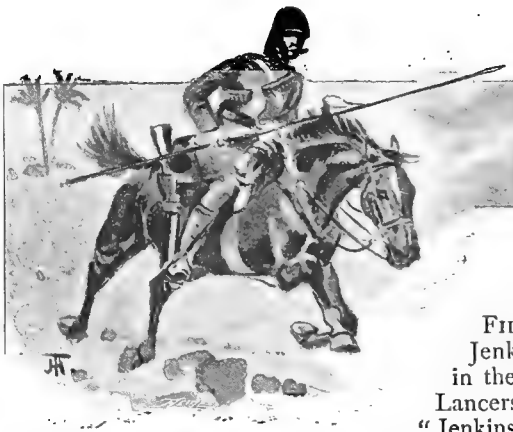

FIDDLE AND I

By F. Norreys Connell.

Fiddle was no more her proper name than Jenkinson is mine. She was G 29, troop horse in the 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and I was—never mind. I am, and will be, "Jenkinson." My father was a clergyman in the Shires; and he taught me how to ride, if he did not teach me my lessons; since then I have never learned my lessons, but I do know how to ride, and better than most. I might have made a living as a jockey, but I'm too heavy, even Fiddle admitted that now and then.

No matter how it happened, but there came a day when I was without home and without food, so I thought I'd better enlist to keep my mind occupied.

I went up to the St. George's Barracks and asked what regiments wanted me.

"Guards are a fine body of men," said one recruiting sergeant, "and the life's bully." But that wasn't my ticket. "What cavalry are abroad?" I asked. "You're too hulking bulky for hussars," I was told, but learned that there were four Dragoon corps in India, a Lancer regiment at the Cape, and another in Egypt.

The latter was the 22nd, and had one squadron at the front. My grand uncle was their standard cornet at Talavera, and their number in the Army List corresponded with the number of years I had been in the world: there was no denying my claim on the 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and a Princess Sarah's Own Lancer I became.

What I suffered on the drill ground was later compensated for by my success in the riding school. I was far and away top man of the course, and the rough-riders congratulated me heartily, and drank with me at my expense.

One of them, whose name I have forgotten, nodded at me gravely over his beer, while he tapped the spurs on his coat sleeve.

"You could have that easily," he declared. "But of course, the likes of you 'ill stop nothing short of a Field-Marshal." I protested that I had no ambition, but he shook his head: "Keep out of clink, and don't love Pollies, and you'll be all right."

Now, since my very early childhood I have been accustomed to love but one Polly, who seemed very far away just then, and my father's training had led me to think too much of the open air to forebode a tendency towards crime, so I thought the rough-rider's speech a good omen, and wondered if I could make his prophecy come true. I had no delusions about my capacity to lead an army in the field, but I dreamed of at least holding a Queen's Commission and being a gentleman again.

I worked hard at my drills, and all in good time, took my place in the draft going out to Egypt. They shipped us at Chatham in charge of Captain Jones (that wasn't his name, but it doesn't matter). The man had been at school with me, but he was older by six or seven years and had forgotten me; unfortunately I remembered, and not quite used to my position, threw him a nod when I should have saluted. He affected not to notice, but when we were alone he gave me such a wigging as I had never had before and have seldom had since.

I clenched my hand, and I bit on my tongue; for it was hard not to be able to answer, much less hit him. When his voice had stilled I said, "Thank you, Podgy," the name we had for him at school.

What's that?" he bellowed, and the glare in his eye warned me of red danger.

"Nothing, sir," I said meekly, and evidently satisfied that his ear was at fault, he let me go.

But he had taken a dislike to me, and he made me feel it when I was posted to his troop in Cairo. Although a clever fellow and an earnest soldier, his tubby body and short legs made him the worst horseman in the squadron, while I was the best. It did not increase his

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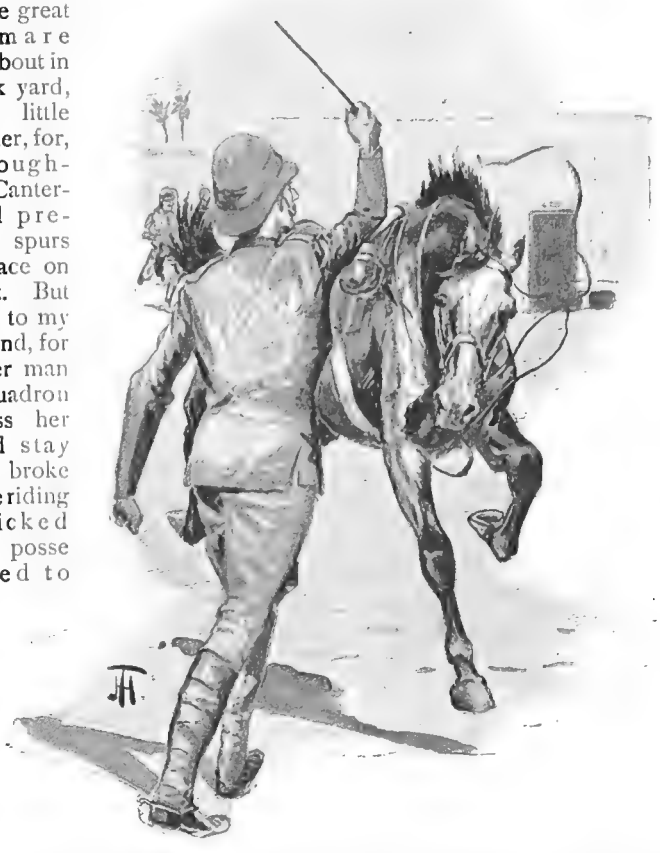
kindliness for me when the Major who commanded us (a fox-hunter and nothing but a fox-hunter), seeing him slip half out of his saddle on parade, advised him to come to me for lessons. The words were said loud enough for me to hear, and Jones never forgave me the expression they produced on my face.

I did not get my stripe for a year; the day I got it Fiddle joined the regiment as a four-year-old remount.

I saw the great Waler mare plunging about in the barrack yard, but took little notice of her, for, as the rough-rider at Canterbury had predicted, the spurs had no place on my jacket. But Fiddle fell to my lot in the end, for not another man in the squadron could cross her back and stay there; she broke loose in the riding school, kicked over the posse that tried to lay hold of her, bounced out into the open, and would have been through the barrack gate in a wink if I hadn't broken my penny cane across her cavesson. It was no business of mine, but the next instant I found myself straddling the numnah and handling Fiddle as my father had shown me how to handle that class of goods. Fiddle stood still—all but for a shiver which rippled from her ears to her tail. And our Major, who saw the performance, gave me a sovereign and promised to keep his eye on me.



Fiddle would have been through the barrack-gate if I hadn't broken my penny cane across her cavesson.

This was the first kind word I had heard in two years, and it made an impression on me. That night the men in my section had the sovereign to drink while I went out and kissed Fiddle behind the ear, and begged her not to kick anyone to death lest we should have to part company. She seemed to understand, for she nuzzled me companionably and pretended to bite off my moustache. It was very homelike, sitting there chatting to her, feeling her legs, and saying what fine things we should do together. I had rather lain beside her in the straw than in the stuffy barrack room, but I remembered that I was not my own master, and having warned the stable guard that I was the only one in Egypt who might approach her, I went to bed.

The fellows in G troop never became very friendly with me; they treated me fairly well though, and those that came from the country called me "Sir" when no one was listening. The only living thing in Cairo that seemed to understand me was Fiddle, and I made her my chum. She took to heart what I said about not kicking people, though she got me into trouble by snapping her teeth at Jones's nose, when he was fingering her bit for rust. He was a bit scared, his nose being the best feature of his face—Greek if I know what Greek is; he said she wasn't properly broken. "Look to this, Jenkinson," he said, and a cruel time I had teaching Fiddle to think of bearing reins whenever she saw a gold-laced cap.

Meanwhile I turned to book-learning again, for it suddenly occurred to me that

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one cannot get a commission, even from the ranks, without some knowledge; and the course for the First Class Certificate ran beyond my depth. I got my Second Class Certificate fairly easily; I did know how to read and write, and remembered the geography of the places I had been to or my father had told me about. But the First Class Certificate I could not get, though I tried twice for it. To save myself the bitter shame of rejection I could not get a long addition tot right. Except my father, I doubt if anyone of my name had as little head for figures as I. They ploughed me, ploughed me twice, and I believe would have ploughed me again if I had risked it. . . . I didn't. I sulked and said nothing even to Fiddle, though I whipped her sore for shying at a lady in a white dress outside Shepheard's.

A few nights after this the officers gave a ball, and I was ordered for duty in the ante-room. It was hard for me to have to look at what was now hopelessly beyond me, and I tried to malinger; but I was a show man because of my inches, and Jones insisted.

It was about eleven o'clock and things were brisking up in the dancing room, when I heard someone say "Polly," and I saw come through the door the lady at whom Fiddle had shied outside Shepheard's. Good Heavens! she was the identical, the only Polly; the one I had loved and not seen for six years because —because I loved her, and had obvious reasons for not saying so.

She tripped across the room, then stopped and stared at me; I remembered I was No. 3052, 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and was still.

"Why, it's Harry!" she exclaimed.

I kept on repeating "3052" to myself and was still. It seemed to me that we stood so for ten minutes.

"Where are you, Polly?" chirped Jones, clinking into the ante-room.

"Surely it's Mr. ——?" said Polly; she had my name right. It was strange to hear it again.

"Nonsense," returned Jones. "Sergeant Jenkinson, of my troop."

I stood still. Polly looked at me once again, then Jones took her arm and clinked away with her into the ball room.

I never laid eyes on her since, for when the officer on duty came round I said the heat of the room made me queer, and I suppose I looked it, for he ordered a relief.

The next day we heard that a great Dervish army was moving down past Halfa towards Korosko; reinforcements were wired for, and we were ordered to entrain as soon as possible.

We marched through Cairo with the band playing "He's Going to Marry Yum Yum," and they cheered us like mad as we passed Shepheard's. I never lifted my eyes from between Fiddle's ears, but I couldn't help seeing Jones wave his hand to somebody, and I couldn't help knowing it was Polly.

That journey to the front! I smell again the trains, and the steamers, and the camels that carried the water-skins. Ugh! The raw whiskey at my elbow as I write cannot keep the smell of that water out of my nostrils.

I don't mind war, I had a mind to love war just then: but at least the soldier wants clean water to moisten his lips before battle—and that we had not. I suppose when one goes to the end of the world for a butchering one must put up with what one gets.

We were on the enemy's ground a month before we saw the enemy. Sometimes we heard they were coming on, and sometimes that they were going back. When they came at last we were only half ready, and they smashed a battalion of native infantry and took a gun before we held them.

I don't understand battles, and what I saw of the business was all I ever knew of it. Our camp lay on the Nile bank, I should say a couple of hundred miles above Halfa, but probably far less as the crow flies, the river winding a good deal. I suppose we had about 5,000 troops on the field, of which only three companies of Rifles and a Maxim gun detachment from the Galway Fusiliers and our single squadron were Europeans. There were some Indian cavalry, not lancers, who got rather badly handled, and all the rest were Egyptians, Fellaheen or Soudanese. How the battle began I did not see; we were virtually surprised. I was wakened out of my sleep by the alarm. It was hardly dawn, and I could just make out that one of the Fellaheen zarebas which was rather forward of the others had been rushed, and that something very like murder was going on over there.

We were pretty smartly in our saddles, but there was nothing for us to do at the moment, so we dismounted and had a rough-and-ready breakfast what time a black battalion moved on to the zareba and turned the Arabs out after a noisy squabble.

They withdrew into the desert, but the rising sun showed us the glint of thousands of spear-heads amidst the mimosa scrub.

Our Major was drinking a cup of beef-tea

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when we heard a distant rap like the slam of a door, and his charger slopped down in a heap, while a clot of driven sand whipped the tin out of his hand. He looked at his fallen beast, which was crushed and dead. "Queer people not to fuse their shells. Saddle my second horse, but keep her under cover. . . . . We had better stand a little apart," he said jerkily, as he wiped his lips with a hand that was not quite steady. I saw that the crushed thing had been almost as dear to him as Fiddle was to me, and I quaked as I patted my friend's nose.

Several more shells flopped into our zareba, and each made my heart jump; but not one was fused, so they did little harm, except to the things on which they actually fell: although another horse was downed, I don't think any man was hit.

We saw the Indian Cavalry trot out into the desert; they came back considerably quicker than they went. Apparently they had fallen into disorder over the broken ground, and a host of spearmen had leaped from nowhere into their very midst, stabbing them when face to face, or dragging them from their saddles when behind.

The victorious mob that followed at their heels were not to be turned back so easily as the earlier comers. They swept down on the zareba that had been the object of the first attack, and stormed into it again. The black garrison sat tight; but it was obvious that they could not hold out for ever against the hordes, who, flinging their angaribs over the abattis, swarmed furiously across.

Another battalion of Fellaheen were ordered to the rescue. They went forward with some dash, but suddenly, just half way from their objective, they wavered: most stood still, a few went on, a few—a very few—turned back.

Everyone stared a moment, until they saw the cause: from out of cover of a rock, and across the reverse face of the zareba, galloped a mass of Dervish cavalry, looking to me at that distance like the Moslem paladins in "The Talisman"—I have never read the book, but I remember the pictures.

They were going straight for the Fellaheens' flank, and the Fellaheen did not like it. A few more turned back. . . . We heard their officers roar at them, and the bugles of the Rifle companies blowing the advance in the next zareba. One battalion had been carved that day: our General could not afford to drop another.

There was no time to lose; we got the word.

"Mount!" said the Major, swinging into the saddle of his second charger, who sniffed at her fallen stable companion.

In a moment we were trotting out to fair ground.

"Line of troops from the right . . . Dress!" We came up to the scratch evenly enough. . . . "Forward! . . . Trot! . . . Gallop!"

I heard Fiddle click her hoofs as she lifted under me . . . right and left we were a fair line, and the Dervish cavalry still offered their flank; if they didn't incline, we'd bag 'em in three furlongs. . . . A fair

"Why, it's Harry!" she exclaimed.

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line, right and left, a fair line—no, not quite so good. Jones hadn't given his mount rein enough and the files behind were cramped: our troop was moving slowest. . . . Still it was fine to gallop like this and feel your future in the lance between your fingers and the horse between your thighs. I was not Sergeant Jenkinson, No. 3052, I was myself. . . . I was Alexander, and Fiddle was not G 29, but Bucephalus. . . . I couldn't do long arithmetical tots, but I remembered enough classics to think of that . . . I also thought of Polly; "None but the brave deserve the fair." . . And then my eye fell on Jones bucketing in his saddle anyhow, his mount no longer under control, and the men just behind, almost abreast, cannoning together in the effort to give him room . . . and the enemy, head half on, not ten yards away.

In a trice we were into them, and many were ridden down; but our troop had muddled its alignment, and what should have been a clean cut was a jagged one. Instead of dashing through and through, we had to scrimmage for a way. My lance was wrenched from me in the melée and my right wrist badly sprained, but when someone snapped a revolver round me and thinned the crowd a bit, I managed to draw my sword. A fat sheikh rode at me, grinning and whirling a banner in one hand and a scimitar in the other. I jammed my blade in his open mouth, and snatched the banner from him.

Then I pressed my way through the crowd, with the captured banner, seeing myself again as Alexander, and thinking I would lay it at Polly's feet, and wondering what deed of prowess I should compass next.

Nobody took further notice of me, and I was just edging out of the crowd when I heard Jones's voice cry "Jenkinson." He was lying on the ground with his right leg doubled under him and a wounded Arab stallion kicking about on his back a few inches from his head. Every moment I thought to see his brains dashed out, but I was not Jenkinson to-day, and I was not going to answer to the name.

Suddenly he called

I jammed my blade into his open mouth.

me by my own name, the name he had heard Polly give me. . . . I don't know why, but I had to go back; I had to dismount, I had to drag him up on his sound leg, and lift him into my saddle; I had to lead him on my own horse out of the battle where it would have been best for me if he had died.

And then an accursed thing happened. One of the fellows foxing dead wriggled up under Fiddle's hindquarters and knifed her across the hams.

She slid down backwards on the top of him at once, but I dragged the fellow from under her, and cut him into ribbons with my sword. He must have made a queer show in Paradise.

"You're right," groaned Jones, very white. "He deserved it. But we're done for now—at least, I'm done for. You'd better be going. Thanks for trying to save me. Did you call me Podg—Podgy that time on the

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ship?" He boggled over the words and groaned again, and his head dropped forward. I thought he was dying then.

I looked at Fiddle, and Fiddle looked at me. She was patient, not a bit reproachful. I wondered whether she quite knew what had happened.

The scrimmage was not yet over, but our fellows had now much the best of it, and the Dervishes were being rolled away from us.

Fiddle gave a little whinny, it was sharp and suggested pain. I took Jones's revolver from his belt holster, without asking with his leave or by his leave. There were two cartridges in it.

I drew a long breath to steady my hand and, having kissed Fiddle on the white star in the centre of her forehead, screwed the muzzle into her right ear, shut my eyes, and gave her both barrels.

Then I threw the revolver away, took up the banner I had captured. smashed the pole across my knee, and trampled the yellow pennon in the dust.

Then I took Jones on my back, and carried him to camp.

When they had put his leg in splints at the hospital he sent for me and thanked me.

"Were you at Bedford Grammar School in '75?" he asked.

"I was," said I.

"I thought I remembered you," he said, "but as you had changed your name I didn't like to ask. . . And you called me Podgy on board the troopship?"

"I did," said I. "And you never forgave it because I was a Tommy."

"It wasn't because of you," he answered. "It was because of the others hearing it." But I don't believe he spoke the truth.

"Well, at any rate," he went on, "if we couldn't be friends then, we can be friends now, for I'm leaving the service. I'm going to marry, and, between you and me as old schoolfellows, I'm going to marry well. I'm a poor man, but if a hundred would be any use to you—" he paused for my reply, and he got it sharp:

"I'd rather be rotting with my mare out there on the sand than take your money," said I.

"Very good," he replied calmly. "You know best, Sergeant Jenkinson."

"Don't taunt me with that name," I answered, "or I'll kill you now as surely as I saved you to-day."

He reddened, but he remembered he was in the position of a gentleman.

"I'm sorry I've offended you," he said. "I really would do anything in my power for you. You've been a brick to me."

"I take your word," I said. "Tell me the name of the woman you are going to marry."

"Polly Craigie; she must have known you when you were a boy."

I was prepared for this answer and stood still, still as I stood in the ante-room at Cairo."

"May I go, Sir?" was all I said.

"Certainly," he answered readily, and added, with an attempt at good nature, "Good night, old chap."

And so I left him and came out in the open air, and searched for Fiddle's body in the starlight. And when I found it I scraped with a Dervish sword at a shell-hole till it was big enough for a grave, and in it I buried Fiddle to save her from the prowling beasts that were already busy on the field.

And then I sat down and cried and thought of Fiddle, Polly, and my father, and wished that some poor wounded madman might fall upon me in the darkness and give me peace.

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Trade Marks of our Towns

By J. Holt Schooling.

Illustrated with Photographs.

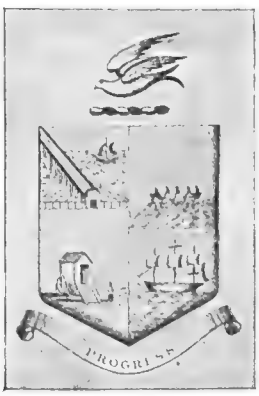
1. The City of London.

Between the high public state of the solitary Great Seal of England which is in the Lord Chancellor's keeping, and the relative insignificance of the multitude of seals used by private persons, there exist the seals of cities and towns in the United Kingdom, devices which may be numbered by the hundred.

The arms used by our cities and towns, whether they have been authorised by Heralds' College in England, Lyon Court in Scotland, the Office of Arms in Ireland, or, on the contrary, just merely composed by an unauthorised person for the use of this or that town, are often very curious and interesting, although the most learned antiquarian might often be puzzled to account for the origin of these arms. As regards the more ancient devices, their origin is often lost behind the mists of time, but in the more modern instances of the designing of these trade-marks of our towns it is possible to see in them a direct connection between the symbols embodied in the arms and the town by which such arms are publicly used. We shall see a few specimens of this matter-of-fact and direct symbolism as we look at the accompanying examples, which have been reproduced, by permission of the publishers, from the cyclopædic collection "The Book of Public Arms," compiled and edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies and M. E. B. Crookes [*T. C. and E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, 1894*]. My own collection of seals, &c., would not have yielded such pleasing results as have been obtained from the fine plates in the above volume, and I have gladly availed myself of the permission given to me by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

2. Dartmouth.

3. Great Yarmouth.



4. Blackpool.

I was referring just now to the use by towns of arms not authorised by one of the three authorities legally appointed to devise arms and to sanction the use of them. Very strangely, the greater part of the device seen in No. 1—the Arms of London—has never been sanctioned by the College of Arms.

The coat-of-arms itself, which

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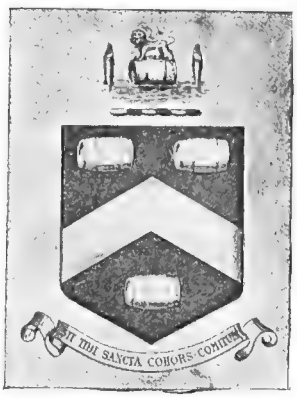
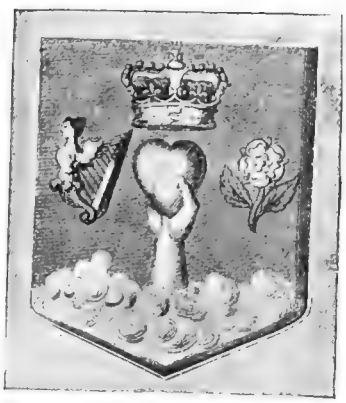
is in the centre of No. 1, and which consists of a sword and a cross on a shield, is the "genuine" part of the modern arms of London, but the showy crest at the top, and the two "supporters" at the sides—the dragons—are modern, and without the authority of the College of Arms, for Mr. Fox-Davies states that "the crest and supporters used by the City of London, the first city in the world, are not recorded in Her Majesty's College of Arms, and are of no authority." I have, by the way, a copy of the Arms of London, dated 1831, which shows only the sword and the cross on the shield, the crest at the top and the dragons at the sides being absent.

The sword in the Arms of London is a badge of the

5. Liverpool.



6. Congleton.



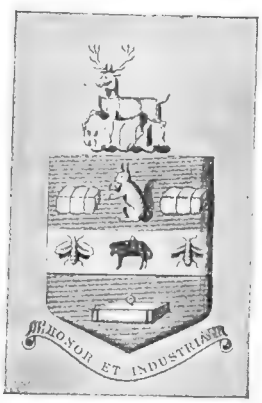
7. Navan.

patron saint of London, Saint Paul, and is not Wat Tyler's dagger, as has sometimes been stated.

The arms of the ancient town of Dartmouth (No. 2) show the hull of a ship containing a king in robes and crown, with two lions sitting up and looking out. I do not use the precise and technical descriptions of English Heraldry, for these terms are not familiar to many persons. The king in the ship is probably Edward III. who granted a charter of incorporation to Dartmouth. This town was distinguished at a very early period for the convenience of its harbour, which in 1190 was the rendezvous of the fleet destined for the Holy Land; hence comes the hull of the ship, which to the present day is an important part of the arms of Dartmouth.

No. 3 shows the arms of Great Yarmouth, three half-lions joined to three half-herrings. The Yarmouth fisheries attracted many residents centuries ago, and, as far back as Henry III's reign, a charter was granted to the inhabitants of Yarmouth. Rightly enough, the Yarmouth bloater was not forgotten when the arms of the town were designed, and the earliest device on the seal of Yarmouth seems to have been three entire herrings, in place of the three

8. Hastings.



9. Bacup.

half-lions-half-herrings now used.

The arms of Blackpool are shown in No. 4. These are quite modern, and it is scarcely necessary to say that this curious device did not issue from the College of Arms. There is a pier and esplanade, with a sailing-boat in one corner of the shield, then a rowing-boat with all the rowers *rowing on the same*

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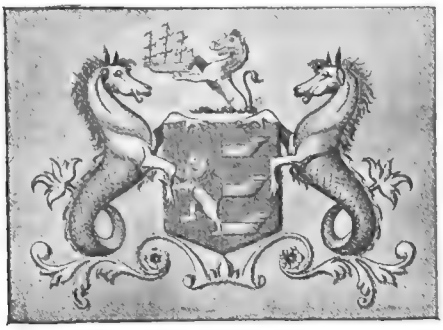
10. Leeds.

side; below, there is a bathing-machine and a ship. A swallow flies at the top of this heraldic atrocity, and the motto "Progress" finishes one of the most remarkable exhibitions of absurd and undignified Philistinism that has ever been attached as official arms to a big town. Mr. Fox-Davies neatly remarks about these extraordinary "arms": "Had a ribbon been made use of to label the foregoing concoction as 'A present from Blackpool,' it would have been a fitting sequence to the rest of the absurdity."

The Arms of Liverpool (see No. 5) were granted in 1797 by the College of Arms. They are, in the centre, a cormorant holding a piece of seaweed, called *Laver*. The crest, at the top, is also a cormorant with a branch of laver. The "supporters" of the arms are, on the right of the arms, Neptune with his waist wreathed with laver, and holding his trident and a banner of the Arms of Liverpool; the other supporter is a Triton wreathed with laver, and blowing his shell. He holds a banner of a ship under full sail.

These authorised armorial bearings of Liverpool, which refer with sufficient directness to the origin of Liverpool's name and to its leading industry, are very different on the score of dignity from the ridiculous thing seen in No. 4.

11. Oxford.



12. Ipswich.

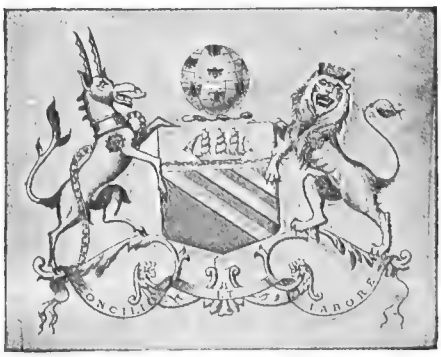
Congleton's ancient device (No. 6) may be of the nature of a rebus, for the crest at the top of No. 6 is a lion on a tun "between two lucies (?) conger-eels . . ." The arms, in the centre, are a *chevron* between three tuns. The crest here shown is from a brass seal supposed to date from the thirteenth century, and Mr. Fox-Davies also states that an impression of this seal is attached to the first charter (about 1286) granted to Congleton.

The arms of Navan (County Meath) (see No. 7) are an arm, out of clouds, holding a heart, between an Irish harp and a rose, with a royal crown above.

The arms of Hastings, No. 8, are a lion walking and looking out, between two lions, also walking and looking out, who are each issuing from a ship of ancient times—probably a symbolical reference to the Normans who, in 1066, issued from ships at Hastings, and who walked and looked out.

Bacup's arms, No. 9, are quite recent. They were granted in 1883 by the College of Arms, and are symbolical of the industry of modern Bacup. Bales of cotton, a fleece, and bees form part of these arms.

A golden fleece is very fitly the chief feature of the Arms of Leeds (No. 10). The crest is an owl, and the supporters of the arms are two owls.



13. Manchester.

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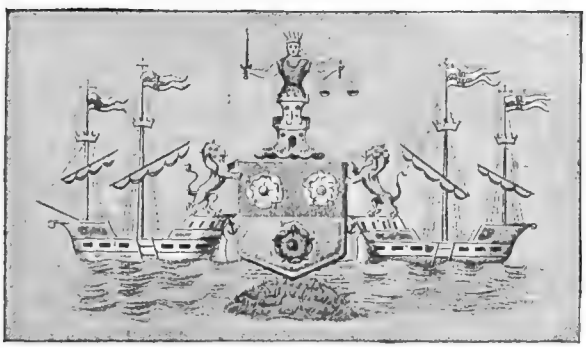
The City of Oxford (see No. 11) has its arms shown in rebus-form, for they are an ox passing over a ford of water. The crest at the top is a crowned lion holding a rose, and one of the two supporters of the arms is an elephant. The other supporter is stated by Mr. Fox-Davies to be a beaver, but in an old copy of these ancient arms that I possess it looks like a fox.

14. Londonderry.

The Arms of Ipswich (No. 12) are very old, they were confirmed in 1561, when a crest and supporters were granted. The arms are a rampant lion looking out, with three half-hulls of ships. The crest is a rampant lion holding a ship, and the supporters are two sea-horses.

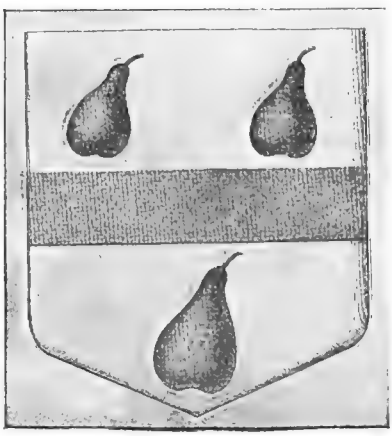
The Arms of Manchester are shown in No. 13; they were granted in 1842, long before the ship-canal was thought of, and yet the chief part of the arms is a ship under sail proper on waves of the sea. This is an interesting point concerning which my authority appends the question—Was it a prophecy? The crest above the Arms of Manchester is a terrestrial globe sown broadcast with flying bees all proper. The supporters are an antelope and a lion, each with a rose on his shoulder—the red rose of Lancaster. This is a fine device, practical in its application to Manchester, dignified, and fully stamped with the authority of the three English Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy.

15. Strabane.



16. Southampton.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these devices is that shown in No. 14—the melancholy Arms of Londonderry. The top part consists of the Arms of London, and the lower part shows Death "sitting on a mossie ston," and a castle. This curious device couples the Arms of London with the Arms of Derry, the latter city having been "most trayterouslie sacked and destroyed . . . hath since been (as it were) raysed from the dead by the worthy undertakinge of the Ho^ble. Cittie of London, in memorie whereof it is from henceforth called and known by the name of London Derrie. I have at the request of John Rowley now first Mayor of that Cittie and Commaltie of the same, set forth the same Armes [the Arms of Derry—J. H. S.] with an addition of . . . the Armes of London." This interesting explanation of No. 14, now transcribed from "The Book of Public Arms," is dated June 1, 1623, and signed Dan Molyneux. The original is preserved at the Office of Ulster King of Arms in Dublin.



17. Worcester.

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Strabane (county Tyrone) uses the curious arms shown in No. 15, but without authority from Ulster King of Arms.

Southampton has a fine device — No. 16. The actual arms are merely the three roses seen in the centre, and I suggest as a possible explanation of these roses that they relate to the fight between the partisans of the houses of York and Lancaster which occurred at Southampton in the reign of Edward IV. The crest is a double tower with a crowned female holding a sword and a balance; while the supporters of the arms are two lions on ships. By the way, it was at Southampton that Canute sat on the beach and snubbed his courtiers when they foolishly flattered him as to his power over the incoming waves of the sea.

18. Leith.

The origin of the curious Arms of Worcester (No. 17), three pears, is ascribed by tradition to a pear-tree having been carried into the centre of the city and there replanted on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Worcester.

No. 18 shows the Arms of Leith, an ancient galley containing the Virgin Mary with the Infant Saviour in her arms, and a cloud over their heads.

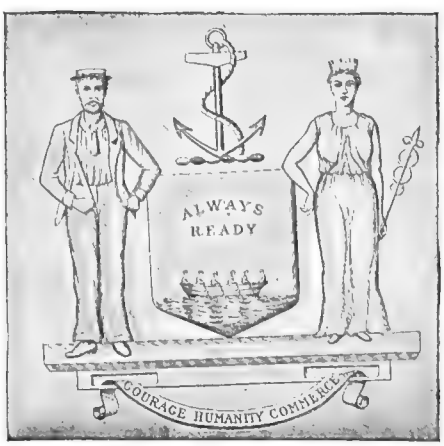
Burnley in No. 19 shows, amongst certain heraldic details, a lion rampant, and a right hand between two flying bees—the hand and the bees being typical, perhaps, of Burnley's industriousness. The crest at the top is a stork holding a stone with his foot, and a cotton-flower in his beak.

The Arms of Crewe (No. 20) supply another example—akin to Blackpool's, No. 4—of those curious concoctions which are abominable to the lover of true heraldry. Mr. Fox-Davies wittily calls "arms" of this sort "Illustrated Bits" and "Comic Cuts." Southend has for its "arms" a truly "comic cut" (which is not shown here), and these abortions of heraldry remind one of Mr. E. T. Reed's very funny pictures in *Punch* — "Ready-Made Coats (of-Arms); or, Giving 'em Fits." The idea of the Crewe specimen (No. 20) is to contrast present and past means of locomotion; the canal-boat, the stage-coach, the pack-horse, and the pillion are all surmounted by the locomotive, which, the motto tells us, is "Never behind!" This sort of thing is practicality in its crudest form, and, if a town wants a coat of arms, surely it might make some approach towards a dignified and proper heraldic device that would shape with its own importance.

South Shields, in No. 21, shows, for its arms, a boat with four rowers, all rowing on

19. Burnley.

20. Crewe.



21. South Shields.

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22. Reading.

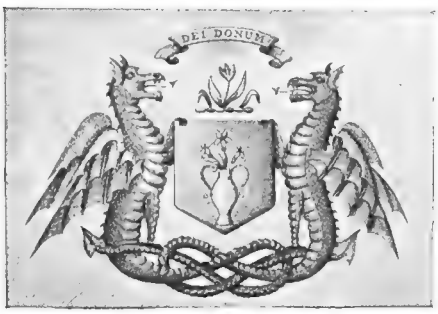
23. Camelford.

the same side, one passenger, and a coxswain, with the motto "Always ready." The crest is an anchor, and the supporters of the arms are a sailor with a telescope and a woman crowned and holding a rod of Esculapius; a remarkable concoction that has not, I believe, been authorised by Her Majesty's College of Arms.

The five heads which constitute the Arms of Reading (see No. 22) were granted by Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms in the year 1566. My own copy of this ancient coat-of-arms places the centre head between the letters R and E, which are absent from the present example.

We have another specimen of the rebus-style in the Arms of Camelford (No. 23) which show a camel passing through a ford of water. This device is very old, and Camelford's privileges as a free borough were confirmed by charter of Henry III. in 1259.

Dundee has something a wee bit fierce, see No. 24—a simple pot of growing lilies for arms, and a lily for the crest, but the supporters are two dragons whose terrific tails are intertwined beneath the arms. These arms were confirmed by Lyon King of Arms in 1673.



24. Dundee.

Honiton's seal (No. 25) contains a branch of honeysuckle, one-half of a man, three-quarters of a woman, and a right hand. This seems purely allegorical, and the meaning of this seal is not obvious.

No. 26, the seal of Wick (in Scotland), is very curious. There are two men rowing in a boat, with the figure of the Saviour standing in the stern, and the motto "Nisi Dominus frustra" (*It is in vain without the Lord*). This device dates back to 1589.

Edinburgh's coat of arms is seen in No. 27. The arms are a castle on a rock;

25. Honiton.

26. Wick.

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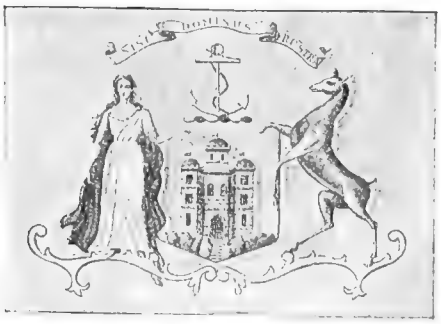
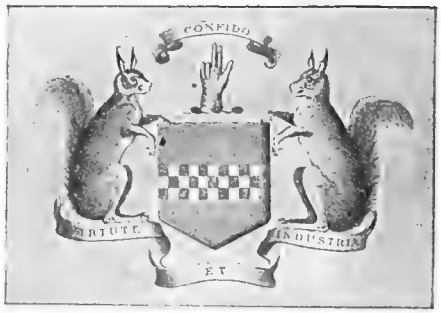


27. Edinburgh.



28. Kilmarnock.

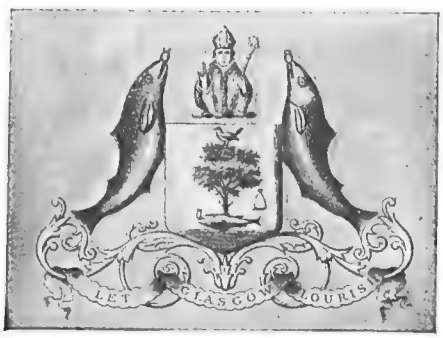
the crest is an anchor; the supporters of the arms are a maiden and a doe. The grant of these arms is dated 1732. A legend quoted by Mr. Fox-Davies is to the effect that in 989 B.C. a King of Scotland built Edinburgh Castle as a safe place in which to keep his twenty-five daughters—hence the maiden in the device—and that another Scots King had an adventure with a white hart. The motto is the same as that of Wick, just quoted.

Kilmarnock's Arms, with its squirrel supporters, are shown in No. 28.

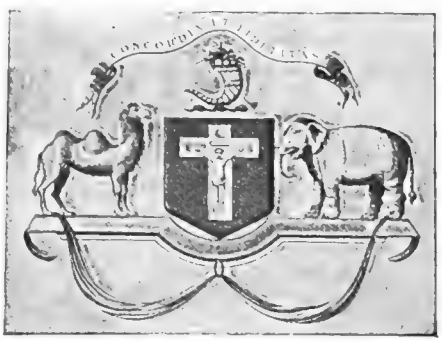
Glasgow (No. 29) has elaborate armorial bearings which were enrolled in the year 1866. The arms are an oak-tree on the back of a salmon which has a ring in its mouth, on the top of the tree a redbreast, and an ancient hand-bell hanging above the salmon's tail. The crest is Saint Kentigern pronouncing a benediction, and holding a crozier. The supporters of the arms are two salmon, each holding in its mouth a signet-ring, and the motto is "Let Glasgow Flourish." The legends quoted in "The Book of Public Arms" state that the different emblems in Glasgow's rich insignia refer to several incidents in the life of St. Kentigern, otherwise called Mungo, who was the first Bishop of Glasgow, and who died about A.D. 602. The tree represents the bough which St. Kentigern kindled by his word into a blaze in order to relight the church lights which his enemies had put out. The robin is a pet bird which the saint restored to life, and the bell signifies the Church and See of Glasgow. The salmon and the ring are connected by another legend with a service rendered by Saint Kentigern to an ancient Queen. The ring was lost in the Clyde, and the bishop told an angler to go and fish there, with the result that a huge salmon was caught, from whose mouth was taken the missing ring of the Queen.

The Arms of Inverness (No. 30) are a crucifix. The crest is a cornucopia, and the supporters are a camel and an elephant.

Such, then, are some of the most interesting and important trade marks of our towns, and what particularly strikes one when looking them over is the undeniable fact that taste in such matters as the designing of a crest seems to have entered a period of woeful decadence. There are sundry pessimists who declare that taste in all things has become an obsolete attribute. This, of course, is going rather too far. In the matter of trade-marks we should doubtless produce excellent ones if they were given to competent artists to design.



29. Glasgow.



30. Inverness.

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A Repentant Rogue

By E. M. Dell.

I.

When Jimmie KcKoy died, he bequeathed his mansion on North Shore, his founders' shares in the Great Poobah Gold Mining Company, and the respectable sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling invested entirely in Colonial Stocks, to his "only and beloved child" Victoria Marie McKoy. Jimmie was a child of fortune, a man obviously born lucky, yet his sole pride was in the fact that he was born Colonial.

He was a Democrat — not by force of opinion, but by birth. Jimmie the drover and James McKoy, Esq., the millionaire, were identically the same—true to the same love, the same friends, the same prejudices, and the same "Derby" plug tobacco.

Victoria Marie was a lady. She had been well educated by divers teachers. She could play "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, not only absolutely correctly, but with a feeling which could disturb no conversation. She had read "Trilby" and "The Woman Who Did." She rode a bicycle, and refused to take advantage of the voting paper presented to her by a maternal government. She was the richest heiress in Australasia.

Society was charmed, enraptured.

Society would have been shocked had it known that the talented heiress who could play "Home, Sweet Home," with unfeeling correctness through all variations, could also play such unseemly ballads as "The Old Grey Hoss," "The Young Stockman," and "Drink, Boys, Drink," with an *abandon*, a rollicking sympathy, that would have made her fortune in a back block "pub," where unwashed bushmen would have given their souls or the last sovereign in their pockets for—"one more song, Missy, just one, and then we'll be good and go home—won't we, boys?"

Society, lynx-eyed, could not peer into that wardrobe where hung certain exotic masculine garments which the vulgar term riding breeches; nor, had Society seen them, would she in any way have connected them with a certain rider who loved to gallop o' nights over the rough country stretching between the city and the harbour heads.

II.

It was at Lady Boughtem's garden party that Victoria Marie met Cyril Fitzherbert.

His raven black hair—worn rather long—his small, but artistically drooping, moustaches, his olive complexion that told of the inherited fire and passion of warmer Southern blood than the hyperborean fluid of his father's, and above all his pale blue eyes, with which he often gazed intently at nothing, showed, so the ladies said, that there was a secret, doubtless a romantic one, in his past life.

"I must introduce you to our heiress, Miss M'Koy," said Lady Boughtem.

"Is that she?" asked Mr. Fitzherbert, fixing his blue eyes on the identical young lady.

"Yes," said her ladyship wonderingly, "how did you guess?"

"I do not know," he replied, speaking in a low, far away voice. "She is not beautiful, not to the mere outward eye, but to those who look beyond the physical outline there is a depth, a soul, a character—but what am I saying?"

His voice changed as if he had awaked from some pleasant dream to the reality of a mundane existence, and he continued with artless lightness:

"I had no idea she was your heiress, though I was anxious to be introduced to her. Still it would be mere æsthetic folly to say that the possession of a certain number of golden coins could in any way spoil my ideal."

"My dear Victoria," cried her ladyship, after the ceremony of introduction had been duly enacted, "I must leave Mr. Fitzherbert with you. I know you will look after him well, you dear girl, and really I must—it is my duty to Her Majesty—I *must* attend on His Excellency. He has not had a cup of tea this afternoon. Positively he must be

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thirsty—such a l ot afternoon !—and wearing a frockcoat ! "

Strange to say, though he never spoke of them to Lady Boughtem, Mr. Fitzherbert's talk to Victoria was entirely of outdoor pastimes, of hunting, shooting, boating, tennis, and bicycling.

Of all and each he had little narratives—accounts of simple adventures, in which, if he happened to be the hero, small stress was laid on the exploit, but if a friend had the first place, then no eulogium of his courage and presence of mind was too long.

Victoria was no ignoramus in the arts he spoke of, and listening to each incident as he narrated it, she was struck by the semblance of truth in the stories.

He recounted nothing impossible; no extraordinary leaps, miraculous shots, prodigious record-breakings. Everything was kept within small and seemly bounds.

She began to admire him, not so much for the things he had done, as for the truth with which he retailed them.

To her surprise she felt sorry when the thinning crowd on the lawn told her it was time to depart.

"You must call on us," she said eagerly.

"You must call on us," she said eagerly, "my aunt will be delighted to see you, and I —I should like you to have a look at my horses."

"How do you like him ?" whispered Lady Boughtem to her when she went to say good-bye.

"Very much," said Victoria, honestly.

The object of this enconium was meanwhile being ferried across the harbour to the city, and there was an anxious look on his face, suiting neither the æsthetic nor the sportsman.

III.

The shortest road to friendship runs over a common land.

Victoria Marie and Cyril soon discovered this. Both were interested — Cyril it appeared deeply —in all the mysteries of horseflesh, and in a mutual exchange of confidences on that prosaic subject they sealed an agreement of comradeship, that word rather than friendship defining the good fellowship which for the first few days existed between them.

They went over the stables together, interviewing numerous grooms and "helps" with business-like earnestness. They rode together, Victoria ridiculing the idea of an attendant groom as an entirely unnecessary appendage in the colonies. They drove together, and Cyril's masterly handling of a pair of rather wild colts awakened a feeling of deep admiration in the heiress.

Without understanding she admired also the culture and ready flow of his talk, which differed from the priggishness she generally attributed to young Englishmen. Perhaps she was willing to take the reality of his learning for granted now that he had shown himself a master of those arts which she did understand.

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For the first three days practically nothing worthy of note occurred. They met every day, and spent so many of the twenty-four hours together that, beyond sleeping elsewhere, Cyril was domiciled at the North Shore Mansion.

Of course, the proprieties were maintained by the presence at lunch and dinner of Victoria's aunt, Mrs. Lisle, and as Society in the person of Lady Boughtem had determined on the advisability of a match between the two young people, they were allowed to pursue their dual loneliness undisturbed.

By the fourth day so strong had their acquaintance grown that Cyril, arriving, as usual, early in the morning, brought with him a birthday book.

"A friend of mine," he explained, negligently, "has sent me this from home, and, as I have no names in it yet, I thought I should like you to be the first to write your name in. If you will be so kind?"

The book was really very pretty. It was almost as large as a photograph album, and the cardboard pages were hand-painted with illustrations of the seasons, the graces, cupids, and many other pretty devices. Under each date a little space was cut in the cardboard and a piece of light green coloured paper inserted for the name to be written on.

"I have never seen a birthday book like this before," said Victoria.

"It is a new fashion," replied Cyril, "the thing is rather cumbersome, but it is pretty and possessed of the best nineteenth-century virtue—novelty!"

He opened the book and laid it on the table.

"How funny!" said Victoria, "you have opened it at my birthday. Is that lucky?"

He blushed in a most unnecessary way as he handed her a pen.

"I hope so," he murmured.

She had taken the pen and sitting at the table was preparing to write, while he stood at her side watching the operation seriously, when a new difficulty presented itself.

"How shall I sign?" she asked, looking at him with a perplexity which, if she had been a pretty girl, might have been suspected for coquetry. "To my best friends (she accented the words) I always sign my full name, but to acquaintances or on cheques I merely put Victoria M. It saves time you see."

To her surprise he reddened—a suspiciously angry colour—and stretching out his hand took hold of the book.

"Do not sign at all," he cried abruptly; "I would rather you did not."

Victoria was hurt. Innocently she had wished to show him her friendship by the harmless ruse of her two signatures, but now she pushed his hand aside impetuously.

"I will sign," she said, her face suffused with a ruddier glow than his own; "you asked me to, so I will."

With every sign of impatience she dashed off her signature—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"There!" she cried, throwing aside the pen petulantly.

Though the incident was not again mentioned, she noticed all day that he was quieter, altogether less exuberant than usual. Sometimes, too, she caught him looking at her with an expression that she could not understand—an expression of penitence rather than of anger.

He went away earlier that evening, taking with him the book, which she had grown positively to hate. When he had gone she put on her hat, and to escape the weariness of a *tete-à-tete* with her aunt, determined to go for a walk.

She had not walked far, when at the corner of a road, where a benighted oil lamp was showing a feeble and flickering light, she saw Cyril standing and talking to a strange man. She drew back in the shadow of the paling fence which bounded the footpath; not that she wished to play eavesdropper to their conversation, but with a nervous feeling that, if he saw her, Cyril would think that she had followed him.

It was not till she stood still that she found she could plainly hear all that they said. She would have crept away, but having heard a few words, she was tempted—and listened.

The stranger—a tall man with a big moustache, which he negligently twisted between his forefingers and thumb while he spoke—was talking.

"My dear Cyril"—it was the voice of a gentleman—"there must be no more delay. I am getting too old—really, you know, I am fifty—to be as impatient as a youth. Still, I am not stagnant with age."

"I tell you," said Cyril, interrupting him, "that I must get the other signature. Victoria Marie is no good. We must have Victoria M., as you know."

The mention of her name was a surprise, but not so great a one as Cyril's lie about the signature. Victoria in her hiding place gasped with astonishment.

"Very well, my dear friend," replied the stranger, twirling his moustache still more

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"How funny!" said Victoria, "you have opened it at my birthday. Is that lucky?"

vigorously, "I shall trust you till the eighth day; this is the fourth. We know each other, dear boy. We are comrades in sorrow, friends in need—what is the proverb, eh? But if you play me false—well, I do not like double dealings between partners—it is as if a man struck me in the back. I should feel justified in retaliating in the same way. A tooth for a tooth, eh?—that's in the Bible. Yes, better to wait in a dark road—how would this do?—wait till he passed you, and then! It is very simple. It is a code of honour I learnt in the service. We might cheat them ashore to our heart's content. 'Up anchor and away' was our motto; but between messmates no lies, no subterfuges—unless you wanted to leave the ship and the service and go to the devil without a friend. It is always so between gentlemen—is it not, my friend?"

His soft, bland voice became inaudible to the listener, and as the men disappeared in the darkness up the road, Victoria stepped out from the shadow and stood looking in the direction where they had gone.

"That is a dangerous man," she said determinedly; "but he shan't hurt Cyril—my word, he shan't!"

IV.

THE eighth day mentioned by the stranger, and not forgotten by Victoria, had come. It had indeed nearly gone by, for at nine o'clock in the evening Cyril and Victoria were in the billiard room, apparently engrossed in scoring the required hundred. Cyril had earlier in the evening made several attempts to leave, but Victoria, with unusual denseness, had refused to understand the plainest hints which he let drop, and had at last practically commanded him to follow her to the billiard room, thus escaping the sleeping espionage of Mrs. Lisle in the drawing room. The game was finished, Cyril had run out with a break of thirty-five—scoring far more rapidly than in any previous game with Victoria.

He put his cue carefully into the rack, and flicking some chalk stains off his coat remarked casually; "I must really be off, I have an appointment."

"With the tall gentleman with the big moustache?" said Victoria gently.

"How do you know?" cried Cyril in astonishment.

For answer Victoria methodically put aside her cue, and sitting down on the settee, patted the seat at her side with a quietly suggestive motion.

"You will come and tell me everything," she said.

He sat down leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands clasped.

"It is better not," he replied, moodily eyeing the pattern on the linoleum carpetting.

She leant forward, and taking his hands in hers, unclasped them; then, releasing one, she held the other in both of hers.

Their heads were close together, and her wavy brown hair—her one pride and beauty—brushed his temples.

There was no need to speak loud.

"You will tell me everything," she reiterated softly.

"You know part of it," he answered huskily; "you've guessed somehow that I love you (she pressed his hand), and I wish you hadn't. You see I'm—I'm a scamp, a rogue and a cheat."

He pulled his hand from hers almost roughly and continued excitedly: "I'm not fit for you to touch. I've been in gaol. I'm a hardened criminal. I ought not rightly to

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be able to love anyone and no one should love me. My name isn't Fitzherbert. It's Brown—Cyril Brown."

"I am glad it is still Cyril," she interrupted. "I love Cyril."

"Oh, that is nothing—not the name," he went on passionately, "I came here to swindle you, to rob you. Look here."

He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her without turning his head.

It was a piece of folded paper, and when she opened it she disclosed a cheque—a cheque on her bank for ten thousand pounds. The signature, unmistakable and clear, was hers—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"This is not a forgery," she said, hesitating over the ugly word.

"No," he replied, dropping his voice to a whisper, "you signed it in that birthday book."

"I understand," she said thoughtfully.

She understood his hesitation at last, his regret on that day, and she remembered the lie he had told to the stranger.

She held the cheque in her hands for a moment, regarding it thoughtfully, then, bidding him wait for her, she hurried from the room.

She was not long away, and when she returned she found him sitting as she had left him.

"See here," she said, speaking hurriedly as one who wishes to pass quickly over an unpleasant tale, "I've put my private mark in, that thing like a tadpole. They will cash it now; they wouldn't have before. You will go halves with the stranger, I suppose; still with five thousand pounds you can leave him and — and live honestly. Of course I—I will never tell."

She leant against the table, looking at him with an expression of expectation rather than of the finality her words conveyed.

He looked at the cheque she held out to him quite carelessly, hardly as one would expect a seedy adventurer to regard a small fortune thus absolutely offered to him. Then taking it in his hands, he tore it into tiny pieces and threw them on the floor.

"You forget that I love you," he said.

He moved towards the door, but though her eyes followed him, she never stirred. As he opened the door he turned and looked her full in the face for the first time during that talk.

"It was a repentant rogue that loved you," he said sadly. "Good-bye."

She nodded her head with a gesture of parting just as if it had been one of the preceding uneventful nights.

"Au revoir," she said.

She listened to him walking through the hall, and not till she heard the noise of the closing of the front door did she move. Then on tip-toe she ran after him. As he passed along the dark road she followed—as she had listened that night—in the shadow of the fence. Underneath the solitary lamp the Stranger was waiting, twisting his moustache and tapping with his foot on the ground as if he grew impatient.

"Ah!" he said sharply when Cyril joined him, "You are an hour late. No matter. Have you got it?"

She saw Cyril standing and talking to a strange man.

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"No," replied Cyril slowly, "I have not."

"Why?"

"Because she gave me the money—ten thousand pounds—and I gave it back to her."

"Ah! you mean that you have doubled on me."

"No, I mean that we will part."

"Very well."

She could see the heavy moustache lift and disclose the Stranger's teeth. She knew the sign; the dog meant to bite.

"Very well, go! Go, my dear Cyril, to the devil; I will wait."

Cyril held out his hand.

"Let us part friends, Maxwell," he said with some emotion, "I cannot forget what we have gone through together."

"I cannot forget the kiss of Judas," replied the Stranger, smiling again in his peculiar wolfish way.

"It was a repentant rogue that loved you," he said sadly.

Cyril turned on his heel, and almost instantly the Stranger, putting his hand into his side pocket, drew out something, and still with the same ugly smile lifted his hand.

There was a momentary flash of fire licking out into the darkness like a devil's tongue, the sharp report of a pistol shot, and the Stranger, his hands raised to the pitiless Heavens, his lips parted in their last snarl, spun round once and collapsed in the roadway, a mere limp heap of clothed flesh and bones.

"You have killed him," whispered Cyril, gazing pale and awestruck at the thing at his feet.

"You forget that I love you," said Victoria Marie, and hiding her face on his breast, she wept hysterically.

IN CAPTIVITY.

FAST bound in Love's sweet chains am I,
Yet not a king so free;
O may I fettered live and die
A captive, Love, to thee!
I would not, if I might, arise,
So dear my bonds have grown,
For in thine eyes my kingdom lies,
And there I reign alone!

Oh, Love! in all the world's wide space
My one desire art thou;
I would not change thy soft embrace
For sceptred freedom now;
And night or day I only pray
Thy captive still to be,
And ever in thy heart to stay
In such sweet slavery!

M. J. FARRAH.

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The Home of Santa Claus.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

INTRODUCTION.

When Leslie Gordon was playing with his father's balloon the cord broke, and he was carried away through the clouds to a strange land where he met Santa Claus, and was taken to the home of the Patron Saint of children.

CHAPTER III.

The History of Santa Claus.

"Once upon a time," began Leslie's entertaining host, "there dwelt within the City of Nüremberg, in Germany, a very feeble old man, who had seen much sorrow and trouble. Every child in this quaint and ancient city loved the old gentleman very dearly, because he was never tired of manufacturing the most wonderful toys for all the good boys and girls in the place. In those days there were no toy-shops to be found in any town; and old Mr. Claus constructed wooden boats and rag dolls by the score, and his fame spread throughout the entire world.

"The older inhabitants of Nüremberg were wont to declare that this very harmless and lovable old gentleman was not quite right in his mind, for, when he was not engaged in his workshop, Mr. Claus was in the habit of walking abroad to the high lands beyond the city boundary, where he would address the four Winds in a number of strange languages which were quite unintelligible to the citizens of Nüremberg.

"But the kindly South Wind understood the strange words spoken by the old man, and carried them to the ears of a hardy race of children inhabiting the cold and cheerless lands of the Far North; the little ones of those countries being much comforted and cheered by the wind-whispered news that a time of happiness and mirth was close at hand. And the brisk northerly gales were also full of strange murmurings which caused the children who dwelt in more sunny climes to smile sweetly in their sleep when the night wind rustled through the trees, and heavy rain drops pattered against the window-panes of their bedrooms. And the children of the west had wonderful dreams of a coming season which would bring toys and sweetmeats to them in great variety and abundance; this delightful message being brought to them in fierce whispers by the rough easterly gales. Even the thoughtful little boys and girls of the Far East began to show signs of impatience and discontent when the westerly breeze was delayed; for the voice of the tempest from western lands was full of laughter and mirth.

"But even while the four Winds were engaged together in this good work, one of their number committed a terrible crime which brought mourning and sorrow to many a family in the West. This was the cruel and thoughtless East Wind, which, during a fit of impatience and irritability, sent an icy breath through the warm western country when it was least expected. And the sweet

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voices of hundreds of merry little children were for ever silenced by this wicked and cruel action, which left many an empty cradle, and many a vacant chair throughout the wind-swept land, whose budding spring had been suddenly blighted by a return of the chilling breath of winter.

"Then the four Winds met together in council, on the outskirts of Nüremburg, in order to devise a scheme which would make amends for the thoughtless cruelty of one of their number. And when each member of the council had spoken at the same time,

A feeble old man, who had seen much sorrow and trouble.

and with so much force that a whirlwind was formed, which uprooted several large trees in the neighbourhood, and scattered the City tiles in all directions, old Claus appeared before the meeting to learn the cause of the startling commotion.

"'Let us make this good man the King of Winter!' suggested the North Wind in a loud voice, and his fellows murmured a low approval while the speaker continued, 'I suggest that our venerable friend, who has done so much to brighten the lives of the little ones of this city, should be made the patron saint of childhood, all the world over. Let Santa Claus, therefore, be free henceforth from the aches and pains with which we ourselves have afflicted him. Let his withered cheeks become full and ruddy; his feeble form straight and strong, and his dim eyes glow again with the brightness of youth.'

"The four Winds now breathed gently on the bent form of the old man, and a wonderful transformation was the immediate result. His cheeks suddenly filled out and glowed with a healthy colour, his eyes became beautifully bright and clear, his figure upright and commanding. Even the shabby clothes of the old gentleman were replaced in a single moment by a long brown cloak, and a fur lined hood on which a beautiful covering of glittering hoar frost appeared under the combined breaths of the North and East Winds.

"'Now, Santa Claus,' continued the North Wind, addressing the new King of Winter, 'we shall carry you away to a home in the mountains, where you will find a town of toys, and a city of mannikins waiting to help forward the grand work which you have begun. These toys will have the power of working for you, and of manufacturing other playthings in great numbers, which you may distribute to all good little children throughout the entire world at each Christmastide. In this way we shall make some atonement for the mischief lately wrought by the East Wind.'

"'And now, my friends,' the speaker went on, turning to his three companions, 'it only remains for you to carry a correct picture of Santa Claus, as he now appears before you, to the minds of little children in all quarters of the earth. Let them henceforth look forward to the season of peace and goodwill with a new hope, realising that every kind word spoken, and every good action accomplished, will bring them some reward from the hands of the Santa Claus of their dreams.'

He was never tired of manufacturing toys.

The children of the West had wonderful dreams.

"And that, my dear Leslie, is how

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I was transformed at the will of the four Winds, and carried hither to bring joy and happiness to childhood at each successive Yule-tide. Even as the North Wind had promised, I found here a large town of toys, with shipbuilding yards, engine works, and tiny factories in readiness to begin the great work of building toy ironclads and engines, houses and carriages, to give away to all good children in the great world outside. I found, also, a large flying machine, specially designed by the four Winds, which will carry me through space at the astonishing speed of four hundred miles a minute; and during the months of October and November, in each year, I make a tour of the whole world in this wonderful machine, leaving my toys on the various housetops which shelter every boy and girl who has done a single good deed during the preceding twelve months. The local mannikins, whom I have already mentioned, complete the work for me, hiding the presents away until Christmas Eve, when they are carried down to the beds of my sleeping friends by the united strength of a hundred tiny agents."

"Thank you very much for your story, Santa Claus," said Leslie Gordon, when the narrative was concluded. "It must have taken more than a hundred mannikins to carry down the large rocking horse which you left on the roof of our house before last Christmas! I'm very tired now—the goose has made me feel sleepy, and I'd like to go to bed."

And while a mannikin candle-lighter was hurrying along the dining-room mantelpiece towards a group of tapers of different colours, bearing a long pole on his shoulders, Santa Claus took the weary little traveller in his strong arms, and carried him into a cosy bedroom on the first floor.

"There's a little window opposite you, Leslie," said Santa Claus as he tucked his guest in the tiniest and daintiest of beds, "a little window in which you will see a beautiful series of transformation scenes in frost, illuminated by the rays of the Moon outside. The pictures represent some of the charming dreams of my best friends, who are thus rewarded for kindly actions done during the day."

"Is that all they get?" asked Leslie, who was now too weary to take much notice of the beautiful winter pictures which were appearing in succession before his half closed eyes.

"No; they will receive something more substantial than dreams in a few months' time," explained Santa Claus. "Those night pictures are merely sent to encourage the little ones to continue their good actions, and to keep nasty and terrifying thoughts out of their minds. But you are sleepy, Leslie," he continued, kindly, "so you had better have a good rest while you can. To-morrow, as I have already promised, I shall take you to see my town of toys."

The four Winds breathed on the old man and a wonderful transformation was the immediate result.

CHAPTER IV.

Away to the Town of Toys.

The sun was high in the heavens when Leslie awoke, and the last of the dream pictures had melted away half an hour previously, for all good little boys and girls are supposed to have left their beds before eight o'clock in the morning. One cannot be too hard, however, on a really weary child who is sleeping away the effects of a long journey, and that is why Santa Claus allowed Leslie Gordon to remain in dreamland for several hours longer than is necessary under ordinary circumstances.

The home of Santa Claus is situated many thousands of feet higher than the town of toys, which lies deep down in a beautiful wooded valley, and on the banks of a wide and noisy stream which the inhabitants of Santa-Clauberg call the "River of Carols." From his chamber-window, high up on the mountain side, Leslie could catch a distant glimpse of

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The wonderful flying machine of Santa Claus.

the roofs of innumerable dolls' houses, and of the glittering waters beyond, which seemed alive with toy vessels of all kinds.

"That's the town of toys, right down there," he whispered to himself, as he washed his face briskly in a bowl of icy-cold water. "I wonder how we'll be able to get down to it!"

"You'll know after breakfast, little man," said Santa Claus, who entered the room at this moment. "We shall travel neither by train, carriage, boat, or balloon, but I promise you that we will both find ourselves within the City gates in less than half-an-hour from this time. I expect you are too excited and curious to eat very much."

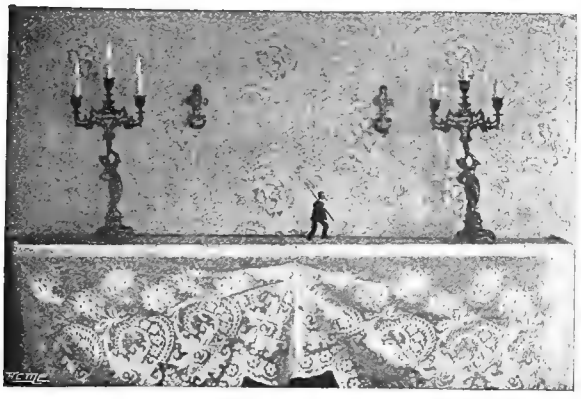
As his host had conjectured, Leslie was far too impatient to reach Santa Clauberg as early as possible, to spend much time over the plate of porridge provided for him. In fact, he began to devour the delicious fare so greedily that he burned his tongue, and said some really angry words while the tears filled his eyes—words which caused Santa Claus to produce a great book, with a very sad face, and to make an entry on one side of the page, which I am inclined to believe cancelled something about a toy elephant written on the other side.

But Father Christmas can never look really angry. Perhaps this is because he understands little children so well, and loves them so much; or it may be that a fat, jolly-looking face such as his is altogether incapable of producing a genuine frown. Even Leslie Gordon has sufficient common sense to know that his own face is far too full and round to wear anything but a silly expression when he tries to look fierce, and the sudden outburst of temper which had distorted his features for a moment faded away as quickly as did the expression of sorrow from the jovial countenance of his host. By the time the porridge was finished, Leslie and Santa Claus were smiling across the table at one another, and chatting in the liveliest and merriest manner possible.

"You're the jolliest boy I ever met, Santa Claus!" said Leslie, quite forgetting that the age of Father Christmas was equal to the combined years which make up the lives of half-a-dozen very old men. "Mamma says I always get along best with boys just a little o'der than myself."

Santa Claus leaving toys on the housetops to be hidden away by mannikins until Christmas Eve.

Google



A mannikin candle-lighter was hurrying along the mantelpiece.

"A *little* older than yourself, Leslie!" echoed Santa Claus, rolling his eyes in the most comical way imaginable.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Claus," said Leslie. "When I look at your eyes I quite forget that you are a very old gentleman like grandpapa. He was eighty-seven last birthday, and I gave him a beautiful tortoise-shell toothpick for a present. My brother Stanley said grandpa hadn't any teeth to pick, which was very rude, but quite true. I didn't think

He washed his face briskly.

of that till I'd spent my new sixpence. How old are *you* Santa Claus?"

"Just four hundred and twenty-five," replied Father Christmas. "It was my birthday yesterday."

"Then you are exactly four hundred and twenty years older than I," said Leslie, who was very smart at mental arithmetic. "Did you get any birthday presents?"

"A splendid pair of snow-shoes from my mannikins and dolls," said Santa Claus. "Was it not kind of them to remember me, Leslie?"

"I don't like things to wear, for birthday presents," was the candid reply. "Once, after dada invented a new motor car, which worked so well that it ran away before he had time to get in, and flew around the town smashing things, he was very short of money, so I had only a new overcoat for a present, and I cried myself to sleep because I wanted a bicycle-horse and a kite. A birthday without toys is horrid!"

"You won't consider my snow-shoes a

Leslie began to devour the porridge so greedily that he burned his tongue.

horrid present in a few minutes' time, Leslie, said Santa Claus, putting on his fur-lined hood as he spoke. "We're going to ride down to the town of toys on them!"

While Leslie was wondering what such wonderful shoes could possibly be like, a team of horses clattered noisily into the

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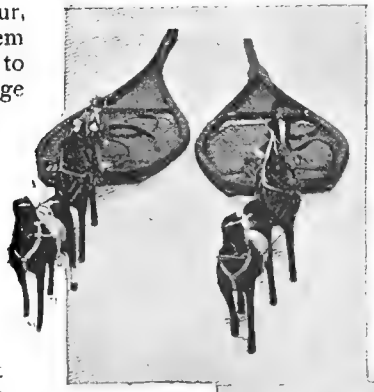
breakfast parlour, drawing after them what appeared to be a pair of huge tennis racquets. On each of these remarkable looking objects stood an indiarubber doll who drove the horses very skilfully across the floor of the apartment right to the feet of Santa Claus. Here the tiny steeds, which were prancing and neighing in exactly the same manner as other high-spirited horses, were rapidly taken out of harness by their india-rubber ostlers. "Can they talk?" asked Leslie, referring to the dolls who were hissing pleasantly over their work, just as real ostlers are wont to do. "Pick one up and give him a squeeze," whispered Santa Claus, adjusting a four-foot shoe as he spoke. "He's sure to say something if you squeeze him hard enough."



A team of toy horses clattered noisily into the parlour.

Leslie lifted the little man from the floor, and closed his fingers until the plump body of the ostler was as flat as a pancake.

Leslie lifted the ost'er from the floor and squeezed him.

"Now then, who are you a-pinchin' of, young feller, me lad!" cried the doll in a series of angry squeaks, which escaped from a star-shaped hole at the back of his head. "If you think you can pick honest men off their legs I'll soon—" Here the ostler paused for want of breath. Leslie squeezed him again, less violently, and he continued:

"I'll soon show you what I'm made of! I've no time to" (a pause and another squeeze) "waste up 'ere with twenty hosses to feed an' groom afore dinner. What are you laughin' at? If I'd a face like yours, I'd ——"

"Put him down, Leslie," interrupted Santa Claus at this moment. "Tom is a good, hard-working fellow, but his language isn't at all nice when he gets really angry."

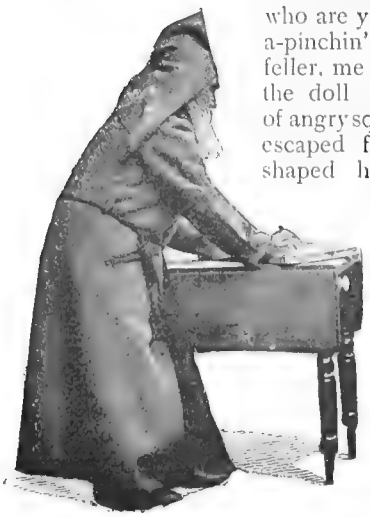
Although Leslie was very curious to know what the angry ostler would have done with a real face such as his own, he placed the doll on its feet in obedience to his host's request, and laughed aloud as Tom and his companion each mounted a beautiful horse, with kid covered legs, and galloped quickly out of the open door, followed by the remainder of the team.

Having now adjusted the snow shoes, Santa Claus took a long pole in his hand, and, stepping through the open French windows of the dining-room, stood for a moment on the terrace outside, which formed the highest point of the snow covered mountain.

Tom and his companion each mounted a beautiful horse.

"Jump on my back, Leslie;" and Santa Claus, standing upright with the arms of his little friend clasped tightly round his neck, and the long pole in his right hand, steered a direct course towards Santa Clauberg.

(To be continued.)



Santa Claus made an entry in his big book

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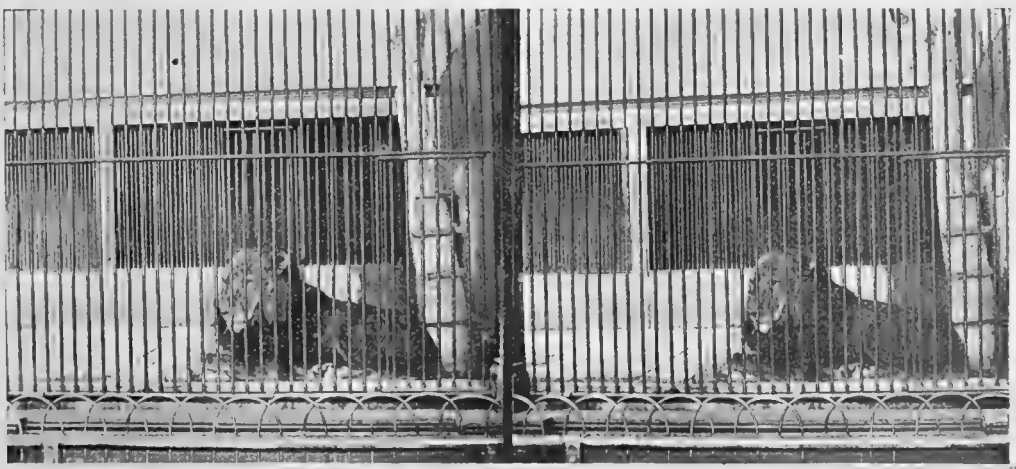

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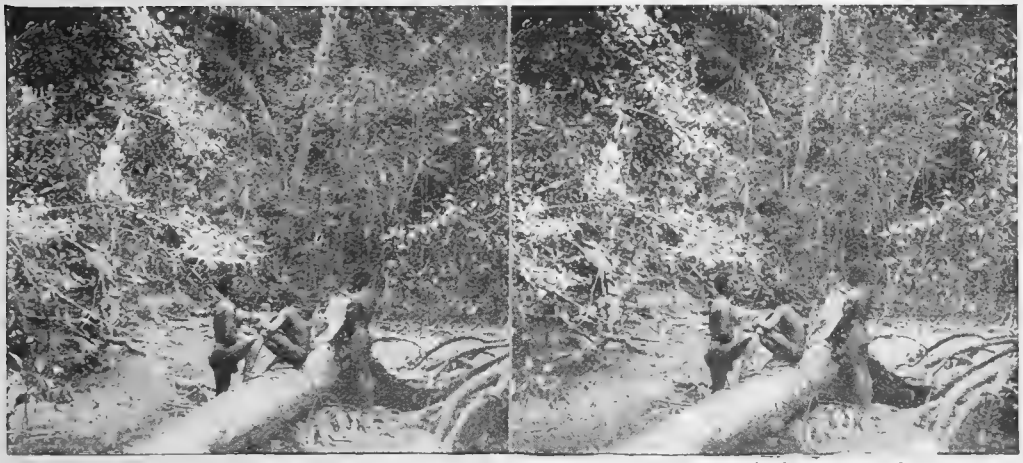

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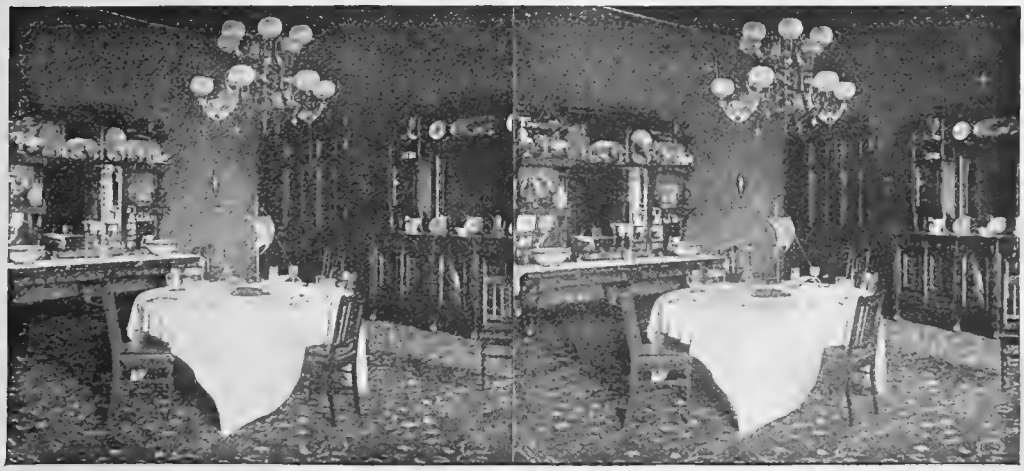

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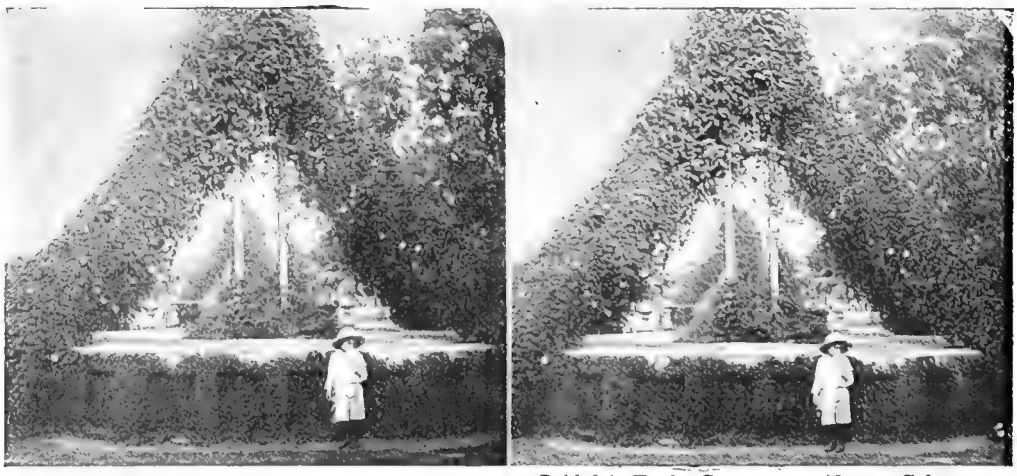
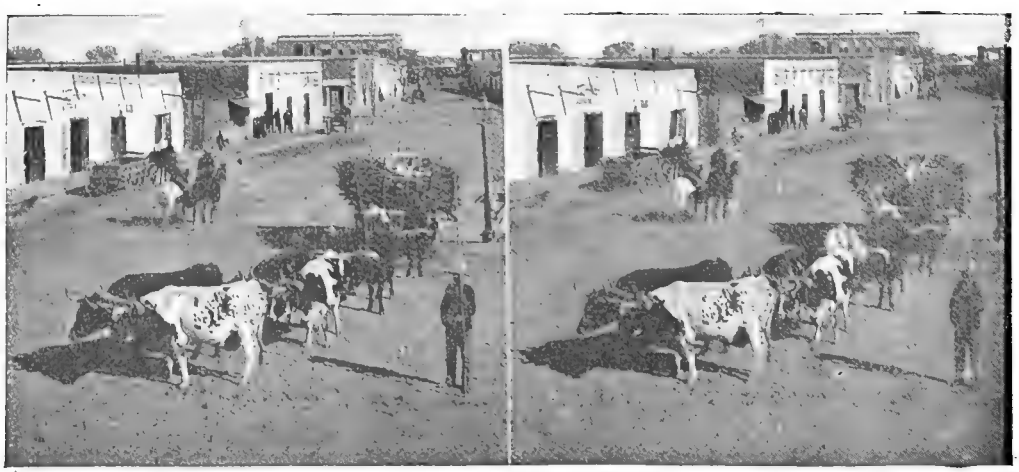


Gold-fish Tank, Government House, Calcutta.



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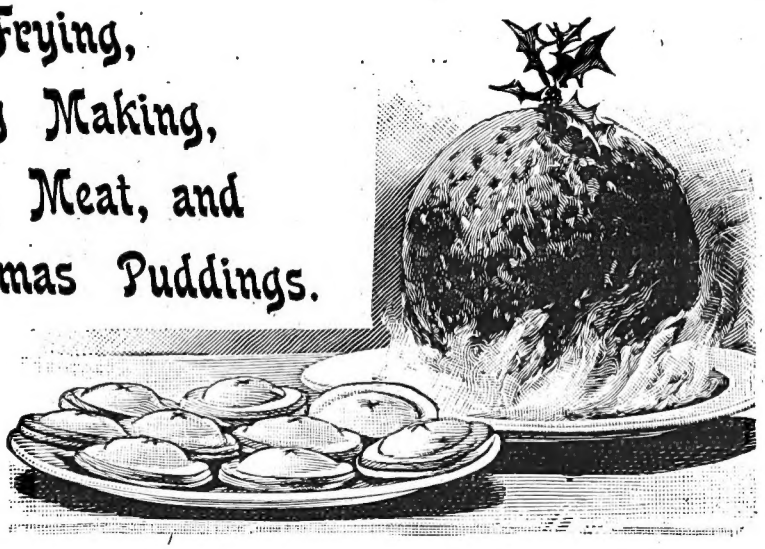

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